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THE BYSTANDER

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[FOUNDED 1871.]

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Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 43.—Vol. IV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, September 28, 1904 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by **Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Asche (Miss Lily Brayton)** *Foulsham and Banfield*

Who have had an excellent send-off at the Adelphi Theatre, in their first season of management. "The Prayer of the Sword" was most enthusiastically received by the public

No. 43.—Vol. IV.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

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THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.

London: Wednesday, September 28, 1904

The Topictator

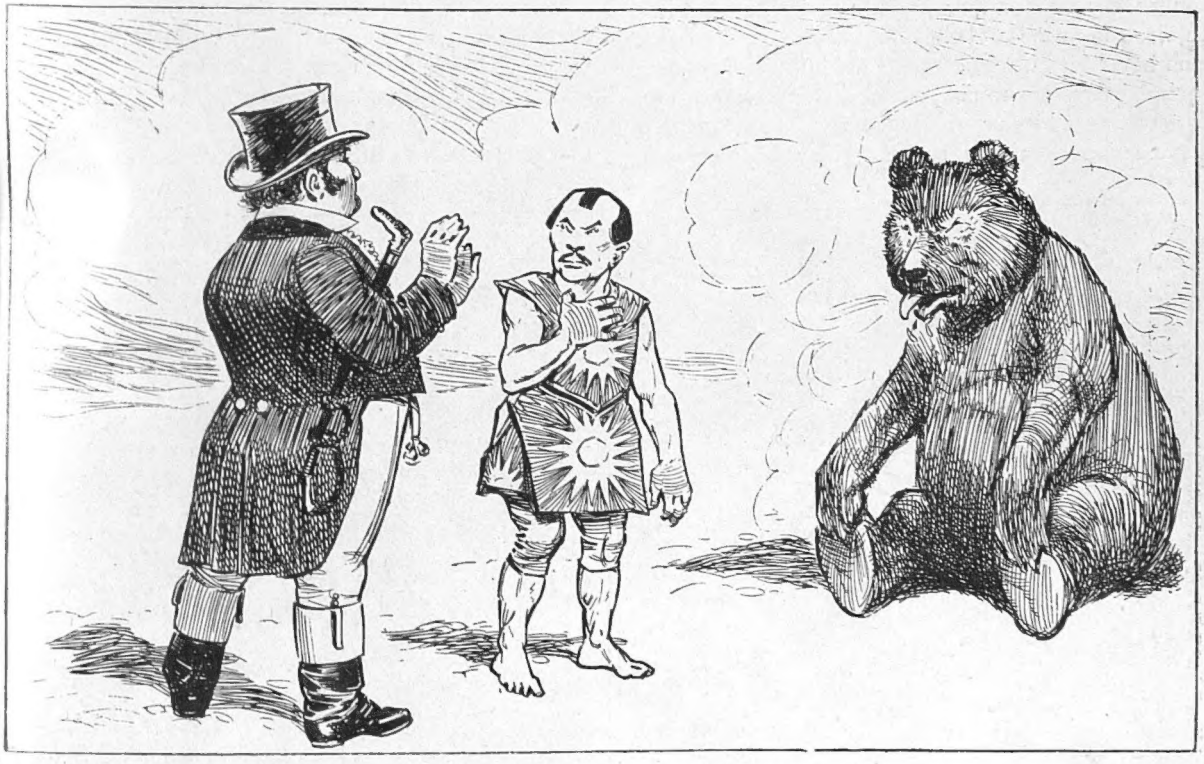
There has occurred very little in the progress of the war during the past week which can be included in the category of actual events, but, undoubtedly, there is some foundation for the Japanese belief that a revulsion of feeling has been produced in this country as a result of the stupendous conflict at Liao-yang.

* * *

Not exactly the kind of revulsion of feeling that Japan imagines, however. She has conducted the campaign from the beginning of the war with the utmost ability, and the failure of the Japanese forces to surround and cut off Kuropatkin was not due to bad generalship, but simply because the Russians awoke at length to the gravity of the situation, and succeeded in averting what would have been, probably, the greatest military disaster of all time.

* * *

And it was just the conduct of the Russians themselves which caused a revulsion of feeling. They proved themselves men of grit, men who faced death with Spartan courage equal to that which on the part of the Japanese has roused so much admiration here, for Englishmen, themselves a brave nation, admire courage above all other virtues. It is, therefore, a mistake for the Japanese to think, because we can appreciate the bravery of the Russian soldiery, that we minimise the wonderful sacrifices their own men are daily making.



John Bull: "Well done, Bruin!"
Jap.: "Why you say that? You're my friend—not his!"
J. B.: "Maybe—but I always applaud a good thing, whoever does it"

(Much perturbation has been aroused in Tokyo by rumours that a revulsion of feeling unfavourable to Japan has been produced in this country as a result of the stupendous conflict at Liao-yang)

"Consh'ble—'stronnory thing—dreamt I w'sh 'avin' friendly glash—woke up (*hic*)—trush"

(Much amazement has been caused by the case of an Irish gentlemen who dreamed he was sitting in the sun and woke up sunburned)

We seem to know these Sussex "Cokelers"

(The *St. James's Gazette* mentions a curious Sussex sect known as "the Cokelers," whose creed permits them to do just as they like)

Although, to be frank, our sympathies lie with Japan to a certain extent, and we would fain see her emerge triumphant from this Titanic struggle, we have no desire to witness the downfall of Russia. Such a result would be a terrible disaster to the civilised world, for though Russia's methods of governing are not quite those which appeal to ourselves, she is a great Christian Power who is slowly but surely moving along the path of progress. The Press of this country has been rather prejudiced hitherto against Russia, too prone to believe ill of her, and to look upon her soldiers as incompetent. THE BYSTANDER, among others, has to cry *peccavi*, and it is a pleasure, therefore, to add our tribute, and acknowledge that the Russian bear may be slow, may be obstinate, and may be ignorant, but he is, at all events, brave.

* * *

Some young gentlemen seem to have hit on a fine scheme to beautify themselves. They want to show off their shapely calves by wearing knee-breeches and silk stockings with their evening dress suits. There is no law, we believe, to prevent their doing this, but we beg of them to be merciful to us in such a matter. As poor men, we cannot afford to discard the dress suit, which has been our friend for several winters, for the elegance of silk clocked stockings and silk breeches. In addition to this, some of us have legs which make us thankful for the tailors' handicraft that hides them in the commonplace trouser.

"Ome!"

(A ragged barefooted little boy who appeared at the Guildhall before Alderman Sir G. Faudel-Phillips was sent back to the workhouse in a cab)

"Good idea, eh!"
"M'ye'es"

(A number of young men have started a club for the revival of knee-breeches and stockings for men's evening wear)

The Servian Royal Sceptre

Like the Crown and Orb, this piece of the Royal Regalia is made of bronze taken from the historic cannon, an illustration of which appears on the next page

The Coronation of the King of Servia

SMALL INCIDENTS AND LARGE PORTENTS

His Majesty King Peter of Servia was crowned last week, and we suppose the ceremony will be pronounced to have been a success, since no one was assassinated and no bombs were thrown.

The story of the Coronation might almost have been lifted bodily from the romances of the cultured few who seek their local colour in imaginary States in the Balkans or in Germany. A short fifteen months have elapsed since Alexander and his Queen, Draga—both, it may be remarked in parenthesis, personages of unusual dullness, or they would have known that revolution was rampant in Servia, and have anticipated it—were murdered in the most brutal manner. Whether Peter, at that time an exile in Switzerland, was aware of the assassins' plot or not has as yet never been proved, but one day probably those who wait on revenge will experience the truth of the saying, "Everything comes to him who waits."

The Bronze Crown which was used in the Coronation of King Peter at Belgrade last week

Round the band and in each of the half-arches are set uncut sapphires and rubies, which, with white rosettes, give the national colours of Servia. The feature of the Coronation was the number of little incidents which were regarded by the superstitious as omens. Great significance was attached to the action of the King in removing his Crown several times, though this was a perfectly natural proceeding considering that the Crown weighs nine pounds

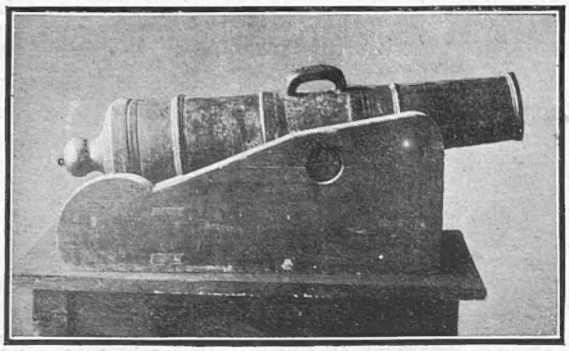
Meantime, His Majesty seems to take a kind of cynical pleasure in laying bare the wound which still cankers at the heart of the Servian nation. Among the motley crowd of retainers who guarded his path, dressed in shabby uniforms and tarnished accoutrements, the noble 6th Regiment, which so distinguished itself when Alexander and Draga were thrown, still breathing, from the windows of the Konak, formed on this occasion the Monarch's bodyguard.

The ceremony at the Cathedral was conducted with all the impressive ritual by which the Orthodox

The Cathedral at Belgrade, in which the Coronation took place

The King of Servia

This portrait is the latest taken, and was photographed shortly after the Coronation ceremony



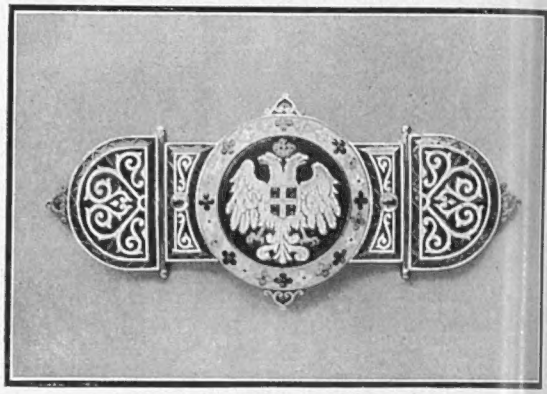
The Historic Cannon from which the bronze used in the making of the Royal Regalia was taken

This cannon was captured from the Turks in 1804 by King Peter's grandfather, who, for his military prowess, was elected Chief of the Nation by a grateful and admiring people

Church is enabled to vie with the Church of Rome herself. The King was sprinkled with holy water, and reverently kissed the Cross. Yet the murder of Alexander and Draga has not yet been expiated by the trial of so much as one of the murderers. The King, having taken the oath, the Coronation mantle was placed on his shoulders and the crown, weighing 9 lbs, on his head. Immediately a cannon salute followed, the first shot being celebrated by an ancient piece of which a portion has been utilised for the making of the crown.

The ceremony over—much chagrin was caused by the conspicuous absence of Great Britain's envoy from the happy scene—His Majesty was conducted outside the Cathedral, where a milk-white charger, once the favourite steed of King Alexander, w prancing. On this animal's back the King w assisted, and in gorgeous State taken back to t Konak, from the windows of which at right angle if he wanted a moment's relaxation, he could ga upon the scene where his unfortunate predecesso on the throne were jockeyed to their death.

King Peter is now crowned, and may regard hi self as being included in the list of throned monarc of Europe. At the same time it seems possible th his brother monarchs will continue to be as chary making his acquaintance in the future as they ha been in the past. There is a motto which m probably cross their minds as they think of Ki Peter I. of Servia—*ille crucem sceleris pretium tul hic diadema!*



The Clasp of the Royal Coronation Robe

This is a splendid specimen of the goldsmith's art, and bears th initials of the significant Servian motto, "Union alone will save Servia"

Bird's-eye view of Belgrade, with Market-place in foreground

LOOK OUT FOR OUR 24-PAGE HUNTING SUPPLEMENT IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

The opening of the Hunting Season is an event in the World of Sport which "The Bystander" will fittingly acknowledge next week by the presentation of a beautifully Illustrated Hunting Supplement of 24 pages. Prospects of the coming season will be dealt with at length by the Hon. L. J. Bathurst. The Supplement will be bound separately from next week's issue, which will be of the usual size and the same price (6d.) Containing illustrated accounts of the principal Hunts, Meets, Masters of Hounds, etc., in the United Kingdom, it will be of the greatest interest as well as utility to all

FOLLOWERS OF HOUNDS.

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

A Clever Character Sketch

The Chetwynd Affair is not, on the whole, an hilarious entertainment, but it is distinctly amusing in spots. Most of the fun is of an unexpected nature. Certainly, Mr. Toosé's impersonation of a literary celebrity comes as a surprise, and will not soon be forgotten by those who are privileged to see it. The literary lion who used to roar at suburban At Homes, has gradually been ridiculed out of existence. He is a creature of the last decade. Mr. Kennedy-Cox, the author of *The Chetwynd Affair*, has revived him, and Mr. Toosé draws a caricature of him with a skill which is almost diabolical. It is the small mannerisms which tell, and these have been seized upon by Mr. Toosé in his masterly character sketch. The old literary lion used to gabble his prepared periods without taking the trouble to look at his auditor—so does Mr. Toosé. The old literary lion had an air of living and breathing in a different atmosphere to his fellows—and this indefinable air of abstraction from his surroundings is one of the most salient points in Mr. Toosé's reading of the *rôle*. In one particular Mr. Toosé almost exceeded the bounds of legitimate caricature. His first entrance is made with a party of gentlemen who are rejoining the ladies in the drawing-room after dinner. Mr. Toosé crawls in with the aid of an ebony cane. Surely this is a piece of affectation too glaring to be adopted by the most exquisite of literary celebrities.

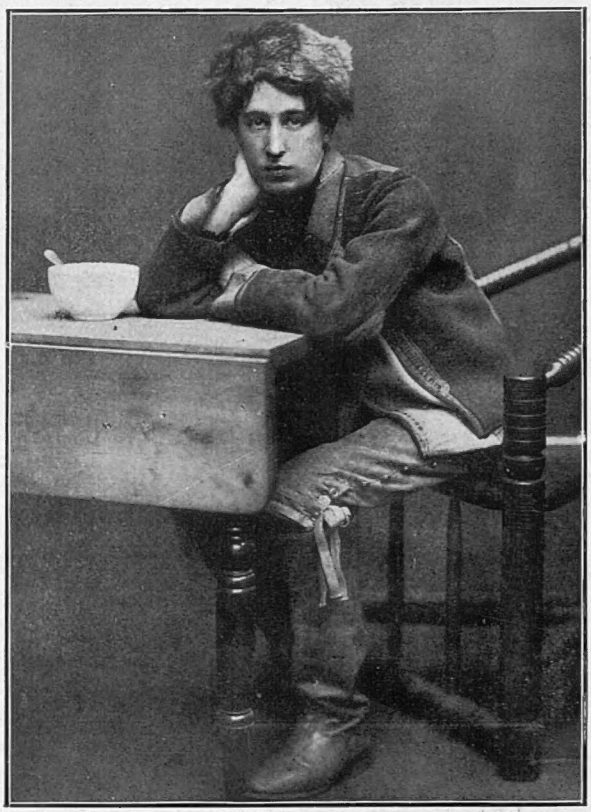
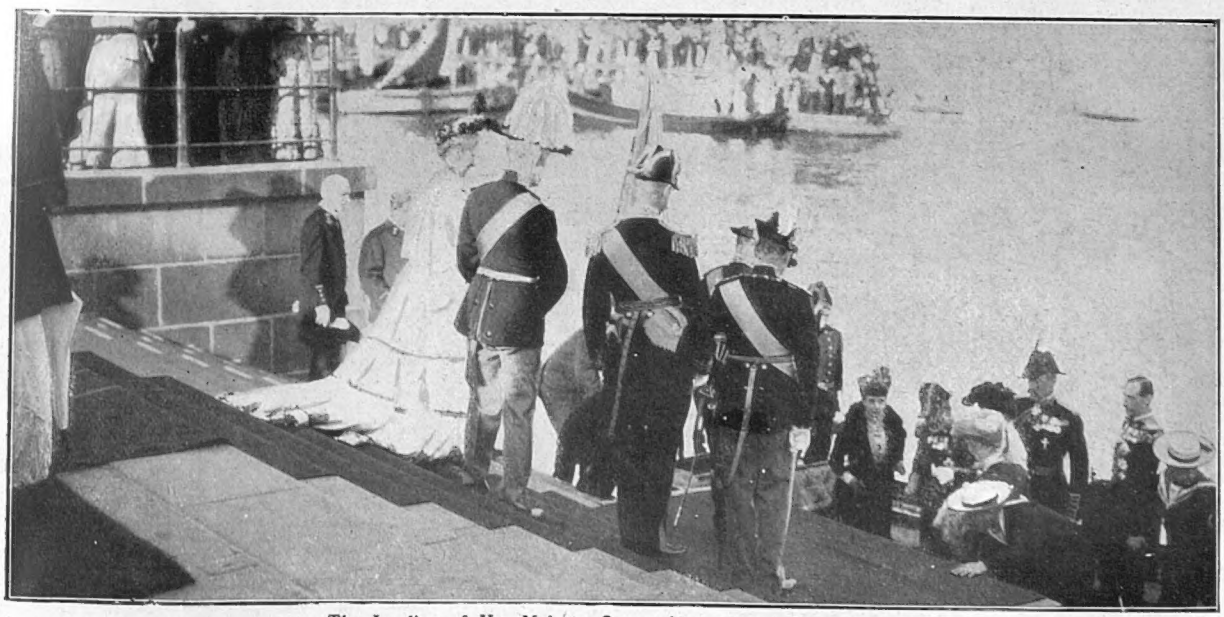


Photo by *Lizzie Caswell Smith*

Mr. Toosé as Erik Eriksson in "Eriksson's Wife"

At the Royalty Theatre



The Landing of Her Majesty Queen Alexandra at Copenhagen

Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark boarded the Royal yacht. With this exception, every member of the Royal Family was gathered on the landing stage to welcome the Queen home

The late Mr. James Lowther, M.P.

By the death of Mr. James Lowther, the turf has lost not only an ardent follower, but a man who did more to raise the tone of its following than anybody else by his activity as a steward of the Jockey Club from as far back as 1876. His disinterestedness may be gauged by the fact that, although a successful racehorse owner who had pulled off almost every race worth winning, save the Derby and St. Leger, he never betted. He raced horses for pure love of the sport, and when his well-known colours, "dark blue and yellow hoops, red cap," were first past the winning post his pride was purely a sporting one, and was not the outcome of a a successful pecuniary venture. Besides being a famous Turfite, "Jimmy" Lowther, as he was called, was no mean politician, having been Under-Secretary for the Colonies from 1874 to 1878, and Chief Secretary for Ireland for the next two years. His last seat was for the Isle of Thanet, to which he was elected in 1888, and returned unopposed in 1895 and 1900. Throughout the whole of his Parliamentary career he was a consistent "Protectionist." As an after-dinner speaker, he excelled, and his yearly speech at the Gimcrack Club Dinner, at York, was an event looked forward to by the sporting confraterni ty

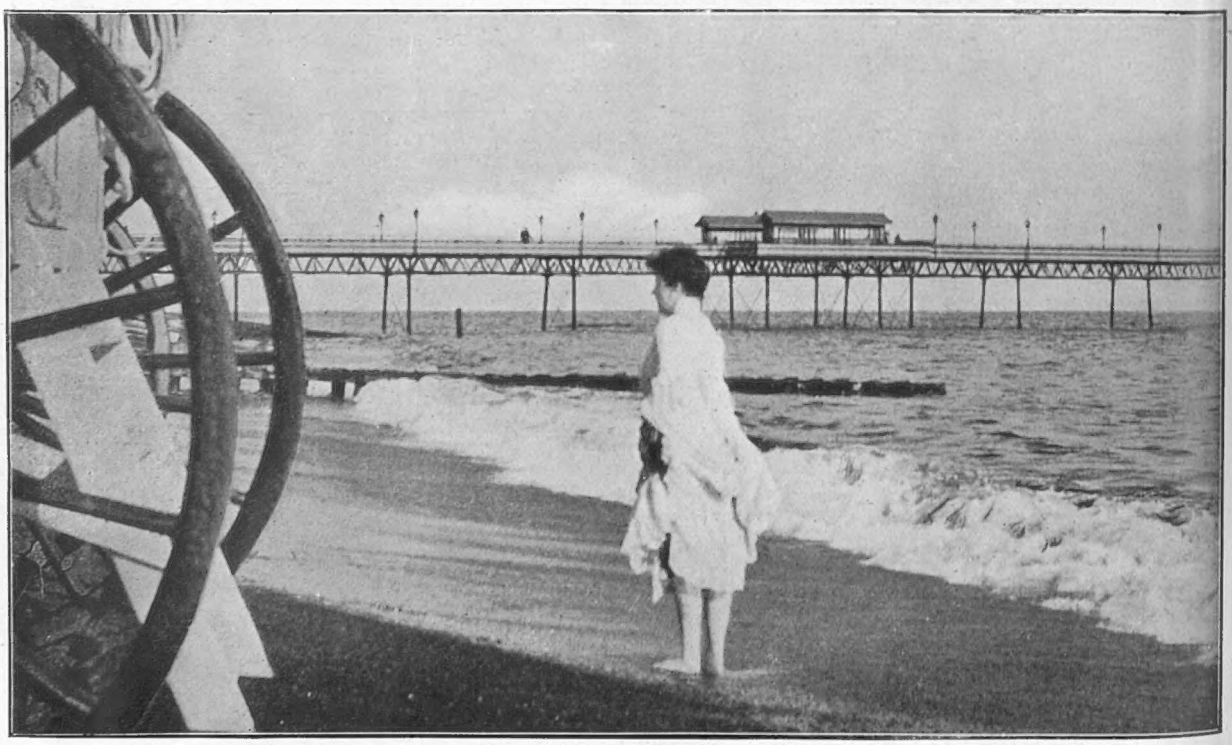
The late Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P.

Miss Tempest by the Sea

Miss Marie Tempest, when she goes holiday-making, evidently favours the seaside. Our snapshot depicts her at Ventnor, indulging in paddling, a pastime which *blasé* children have long handed over to their more enthusiastic and more easily pleased elders. Not long since a holiday correspondent of the *Express* described the interest excited at Dieppe by Miss Tempest in a strictly utilitarian get-up, learning to swim. We hope that Miss Tempest will return to town in the best of health and spirits after her aquatic exercises.

Peter Karageorgevitch

Accounts of the Servian Coronation would make it appear as if the King were in a state of craven fear throughout the ceremony. A slight nervousness in the circumstances might be excused even in a brave man, for of the King's bravery there is no question.



A snapshot of Miss Marie Tempest paddling at Ventnor

A romantic story is told of the manner in which King Peter won his bride, Princess Zorka, who died in 1890. He served as a volunteeer with the Montenegrins during the Turkish war, and toward the end of the struggle the Turks captured Prince Nicholas's camp and carried off his daughter. Peter at once got together his followers and started in pursuit. Coming up with the Turks, he attacked them with the greatest fury, and with his own hand slew the soldiers who were carrying off the Princess The Prince of Montenegro, delighted at the rescue of his daughter, asked the gallant Peter how he could reward him ; but Zorka, throwing her self into her father's arms, exclaimed, "Father, let me be his reward!" Princess Zorka had before hardly known Peter Karageorgevitch, but his desperate valour had made her fall violently in love with him, like a princess in a fairy tale.

The Crown Prince George Princess Helena Prince Alexander Prince Paul

The Family of King Peter of Servia

Princess Helena is Protectoress of the Society whose work consists in aiding the Macedonian Refugees

Crown Prince George (heir apparent) received his schooling in St. Petersburg. He is a good rider and is becoming a good marksman, having recently been promoted to the rank of corporal in the Servian Army

Prince Alexander, on his 15th birthday, was enrolled in the Army as a private, and wears the uniform of a private soldier

Prince Paul is the son of Prince Arsen (brother of King Peter)

The King is quite severe with the boys, and they have a great respect for their father. He is often present during their instruction hours following their progress closely

Miss Jennie Buckle

A young member of Mr. Charles Warner's company which recently toured the States. Miss Buckle is now appearing in *Beauty and the Barge*

Photo by *Reutlinger*

Miss Mabel Love

Miss Love, who is a great favourite with playgoers, is certain of a big reception when next she appears on the London stage

Miss Phyllis Broughton

Miss Broughton's *rôle* in *The Earl and the Girl* is but a slight one for such a celebrity, but she wears her regal costume with an air, and in the minuet her dancing is as dainty as ever

DRAWN BY *G. D. GILES*

"Peter"

Otherwise Mr. Peter Purcell Gilpin, of Newmarket, the well-known trainer of "Pretty Polly"

In Frivolous Mood

Mr. Balfour refuses to hear any reference to the Welsh revolt. He finds the subject too revolting.

Naval signal officers are said to be watching with interest some experiments now being conducted in America in order to demonstrate the possibility of submarines holding communication with one another.

For ourselves, we cannot but deprecate every form of low conversation.

The Tariff Reform League does not think much of Thanet. It has given that constituency bad Marks.

Two theatrical companies, going to Douglas, were all night at sea. This is not an unusual experience for theatrical companies.

People inclined to discharge the office of Lord Mayor will now have to reconstruct their views. The Mansion House is at last to be occupied by a man of weight—Mr. John Pound.

A report of Jabez Balfour at Parkhurst states that the convict has been reading Mr. Balfour's philosophic works. It would appear that there is a need for another John Howard to lift up his voice on behalf of the helpless victims of a cruel prison system.

We understand that Mr. Tree's pantomime, *The Tempest*, is founded on an old play, once popular, of the same name.

In commenting on the death of Prince Bismarck, many journals declared that his chief claim to distinction was "being the son of his father." This, surely, is nothing singular.

An *Express* Agony:

SONNY.—Come home immediately. Father still unemployed and imbecile. We are trying to get him into the War Office.—MOTHER.

Arguing from the Clacton manœuvres and other matters, this is nothing unusual, and "Mother" ought to have no difficulty.

More Hints to Young Housekeepers

BY MRS. CANDY LEEL

Since my first article of "Hints to Young Housekeepers," I have been simply overwhelmed with questions on every conceivable subject connected with the house from correspondents in every quarter of the globe. I trust that the following replies will be of some little use.

ECONOMICAL FISH SOUP.—Yes, "Pansy," it is quite as wasteful to throw away water in which you have boiled fish as it would be to throw away fish in which you have boiled water! Yet, how many cooks there are who never think of simple little economies like this! Carefully keep all such water, add a sprig of parsley, an onion, and a pat of butter, and at practically no expense you will have a most digestible fish soup. I have known some careful cooks who made a practice of also putting in the fish knives and forks before washing them. Although this undoubtedly adds to the flavour, it is, to my mind, carrying economy too far; but, of course, *chacun a son goût*. My book, *10s. Per Mouth, Per Month*, is 5*s.* 6*d.*

FRENCH PANCAKE.—No, "Wifie," a knowledge of French is *not* really necessary to make the pancake, as you seem to think. You are quite right, the French for pancake is "*crêpe*," but from this you must not jump to the conclusion that *crêpe de chine* is a Chinese Pancake. What a pretty pseudonym you have chosen! So glad you like *10s. Per Mouth, Per Month*.

PACKING.—The holidays are practically over now, but like yourself, "Poppy," there may be a few busy girls who are only now looking forward to a short vacation, so perhaps a few hints on packing may not come amiss. Packing, like most things, is far better done by hand. *Very* heavy things should be put in first, then heavy things, less heavy things, and finally light articles, such as sundries. Sponges should be rinsed or squeezed as dry as possible, and are often put into a small waterproof bag as an additional precaution. Some people also put in this bag a tooth brush, nail brush, and a hand-glove or "loofah." Before you finally shut your box, see that you have not packed your ticket. It is sometimes difficult to get at it in the luggage van, and may cause delay. Satisfied on this point, the box may now be locked, strapped, and labelled. I may add that it is sometimes found necessary to sit on the lid in order to turn the key. Thank you for your appreciation of *10s. Per Mouth, Per Month!*

BLANKETS AND SHEETS.—In reply to "Mouse": (1) It is not considered necessary in good houses nowadays to have the word "stolen" stencilled on the visitors' sheets and blankets. A monogram in blue or silver in the corner is quite enough. (2) I am afraid I have never heard of apple sauce being used as a substitute for red-currant jelly with either venison or mutton. (3) Your husband is wrong; a red silk handkerchief protruding from his evening-dress waistcoat would be merely vulgar; but this is hardly my department. Please consult the Etiquette Editor. My book, *10s. Per Mouth, Per Month*, is still in print, 5*s.* 6*d.*

The Strike Riots at Ashton-under-Lyne

POLICE PROTECTION FOR NON-UNIONIST WOMEN

The "armoured" 'buses used to carry the girls from the mills to the stations

Crowds waiting outside the market to attack the "armoured" buses

A typical street of workmen's dwellings at Ashton, patrolled by the police

FROM ABROAD

The "Uräd"

Captain Brude, who has himself designed the little craft in which he and three other plucky Norsemen are now crossing the Atlantic, could have chosen no better name for his boat than *Uräd*, signifying fearless. It is a new type of lifeboat, built of one-eighth of an inch steel plates; its greatest length is eighteen feet, greatest height eight feet, the floor being two feet above the bottom, the space under the floor being the principal storage accommodation. It is divided into four watertight compartments, used as water tanks and for keeping provisions. The "furniture" in the "cabin" consists of a seat running right round it, two feet broad, and upholstered, the space under the the seat likewise being used for storing water and provisions. There are also the required toilette arrangements ingeniously hidden away. The *Uräd* is provisioned for six months, but the trip is not expected to take more than half that time. The run from Aalesund to the Shetland Islands only took four days, during one of which there was virtually no wind, and a speed of 6·5 knots was recorded. The *Uräd* behaved exceedingly well and cannot capsize. As a proof of its remarkable steadiness it may be mentioned that a flower glass remained standing on the table the whole way from Norway to the Shetlands, in spite of there having been a heavy sea part of the time. Captain Brude means to compete for the Pollock prize next year.

The "Urad" ready to be launched

In this cockle-shell Captain Brude and three hardy Norwegians are now on their voyage across the Atlantic. Captain Brude is seen on the left of the illustration

The "Urad" in Aalesund Harbour

It will be remembered that the town of Aalesund was almost totally destroyed by fire a few months ago, and pictures of the town were published in our "From Abroad" pages

A Popular Engagement

The engagement of the Crown Prince is still the chief topic of conversation in German households. In Mecklenburg-Schwerin the populace manifest the keenest interest

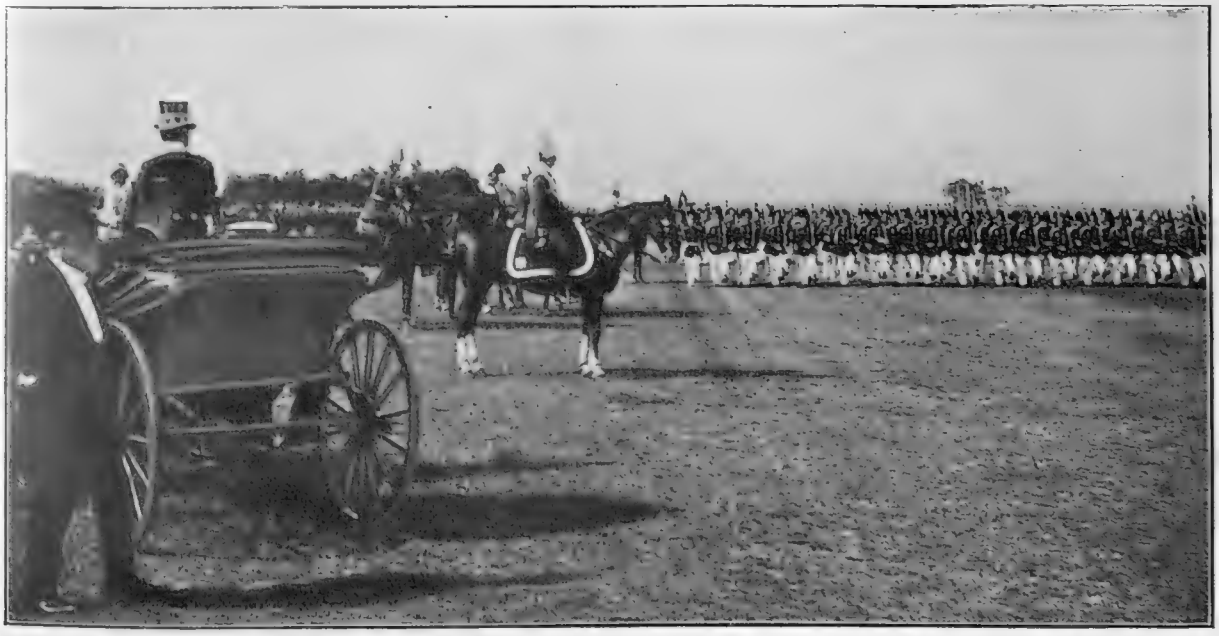
The Crown Prince of Germany and his fiancée, Duchess Cecilie, driving through the streets of Schwerin

The appearance of the Royal carriage in the streets is always the signal for outbursts of enthusiasm, especially from the school children, with whom the Duchess is a prime favourite

in the young couple, and their appearance in the treets of the town is the signal for loyal demonstrations. Our illustration gives a good idea of the spirit hich prompts these acknowledgments. There is othing formal in the greeting of the people. They loff their caps, and indulge in the broadest smiles of ngratulation. The children especially have taken ie Crown Prince and Duchess Cecilie into their arts. The approach of the Royal carriage is the gnal for the youngsters to congregate from all parts. Public attention has been so directed to the little Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, that it is f interest to recall that its society is still organised n a feudal basis, and in the early part of the nineteenth century was not so advanced as England in the thirteenth century. In fact, serfdom was abolished only in 1824. Fritz Reuter, the great Platt-Deutsch writer, has drawn a painful picture of the country as it was seventy years ago, in his novel, "Stromtid," which has been translated into English, the title being, "My Old Farming Days."

Pre-historic Crete

The recent discoveries in Crete have brought to light traces of a civilisation nearly five thousand years old. Nearly three thousand years before Cæsar landed with his legions on the Kentish coast, and set to work to instil the seeds of progress into the ancient Britons, the Cretans were in the full "noonday glare of civilisation." Even further back than this do recent



The Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin (Duchess Cecilie's brother) reviewing the troops of the Duchy

The Grand Duke, who is well known in Prussian military circles, holds several commands, being Chief of the 1st and 3rd Battalions of Mecklenburg Grenadiers and of the 1st Regiment of Mecklenburg Dragoons

excavations take us—back yet another three thousand (6000 B.C.) and even four thousand years, to the civilisations of Egypt and Mesopotamia, compared with which Rome is of to-day and Greece but of yesterday.

The Bearing of the Excavations on the Epics of Homer

One of the most important aspects of the Cretan excavations is the light thrown upon the suspicions attached to the great Homeric epics of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." It had been the opinion of many scholars that the Homeric legends could not be trusted as historic records, since they had been handed down by bards through many ages, before writing was introduced into Greece. Legends and traditions thus verbally handed down are said to be almost unrecognisable a hundred years after, as they bear the stamp of so many individual tellings. Homer is said to have lived some time between 1000 and 800 B.C., though the legends and traditions incorporated into the epics are of much earlier date. The Cretan excavations show that an elaborate system of writing was current in Crete in the sixth century B.C., and as it is most unlikely that the Greeks, such close neighbours, would not also possess such a system, it is proved possible that the legends forming the Homeric epics were transmitted by writing and not by word of mouth, thus ensuring their accuracy.

An Ancient Cretan Oil Jar found at Knossos

Crete is an exceedingly fertile country, and orange, lemon, almond, and pomegranate trees abound, while there are "interminable forests of olives," olive oil being the staple product of the country

Crete of To-Day

According to Homer, Crete had "a hundred cities," and the wonderful ruins with which the island is covered amply testify to this. At Goulas there exists a pile of pre-historic masonry the like of which is not to be found in any other country in the world, and many of the relics found at Knossos show traces of Egyptian influence going back to the third millennium B.C. The Cretans themselves, despite the verdict of St. Paul that they were "always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies," are a people possessing a wonderfully sturdy independence. Three times in their history have they been subdued—by the Romans, Venetians, and Turks—and yet only a few years since they rose in rebellion once more—against Turkey—and achieved what is practically self-government, though regulated by the High Commissioner of the Powers, and under the suzerainty of the Sultan.

Photo by *Leon Boult*

Prince George of Greece, High Commissioner of the Powers to Crete, photographed outside the Hotel Bristol, Paris

Prince George, who is seen on the left of our illustration, was appointed High Commissioner of Crete by the Powers in 1898, after the insurrection which broke the power of the Sultan in the island

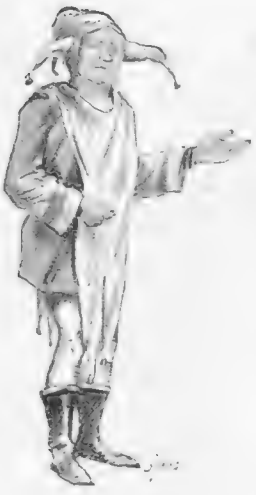
Knossos, where some remarkable excavations have been made

ient stone vases and engraved seals found at Knossos supply definite traces of a contact with Egypt, going back to a period of the twelfth dynasty, and dating at least from the latter half of the third millennium B.C., nearly 5,000 years ago

The ruined Acropolis at Festos

The ancient remains which abound throughout the island of Crete show conclusively that the days of its greatest civilisation lie behind the pre-historic period. Studded about the island are strongho ds and tower-houses built with the huge irregular masonry of the Cyclopean age

THE REMARKABLE ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN CRETE



Trinculo
(Mr. Lionel Brough)

At His Majesty's Theatre

"THE TEMPEST"

Stephano
(Mr. Louis Calvert)

Modern stage-craft has come to the aid of the belated bard, and Shakespeare no longer spells ruin, provided his plays be mounted with a due disregard for dollars.

We have Mr. Tree's assurance of this pleasing change, but if there be a doubting Thomas, let him stroll into His Majesty's box-office just before the curtain rises and attempt to book a few seats for that evening's performance.

"Great praise is due to So-and-so for, etc.," so run the notices. It is our privilege to pay tribute to the work of "Monsieur Un Tel"-bin. Mr. Telbin, Junr., is responsible for the scenic production of *The Tempest* in 1904, as his father was of the same play in 1857 at the Princess's Theatre when Charles Kean appeared as Prospero. On that far-off occasion, so Mr. Tree's most instructive programme (gratis) tells us, Mr. Kean made a special appeal to the audience for their kind indulgence during the waits between the acts, such waits being due to the necessarily extensive and complicated nature of setting. To-day the audience have the setting without the waits.

The Shipwreck scene is, of course, *facile princeps*, both in point of order and elaboration. Clarke Russell is credited with the finest description of a storm at sea. He alone could do justice to the stage shipwreck at His Majesty's. The mere person who the had scamped his dinner in order not to miss it could only gasp.

When, in the play, the distracted people aboard give tongue to their fear, an unsympathetic boatswain contemptuously remarks:

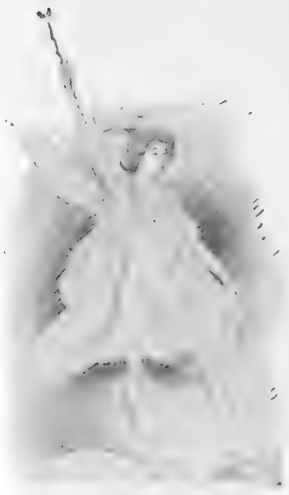
> A plague upon this howling; they are louder than the weather or our office.

The boatswain may have been represented in the piece, the people may have howled—the weather, however, was louder than the lot. The dialogue, like the mast, went by the board. And over and above the fearful din of this stupendous shipwreck, rose the roars of a frenzied audience as the curtain fell. Of course, there was a call for the shipwreck, and when the curtain rose again, the proud vessel so rocked and tossed upon her cradle in acknowledgment of the cheers, that it was a wonder she did not leap the orchestral reef and shiver her stout timbers among the audience.

After this mental buffeting, the audience turned with some relief to a consideration of the peaceable happenings in Prospero's cell, which was tastefully decorated with stalactites and floral emblems. The cadence of Prospero's canorous tones was soothing to the ear, and one almost forgave him for being the progenitor of stage heavy fathers. For such, indeed, he is. No modern melodramatic papa could be so blatant in his scheming, or so ponderously playful in his attitude, towards his son-in-law to be. "It works," cries he exaltingly, as he marks the *rapprochement* between Ferdinand and his daughter, and his heavy winks at Ariel bid fair to crush that dainty spirit. Mr. Basil Gill must be commended for the romance with which he imbued the *rôle* of Ferdinand. The love scenes in *The Tempest* are not conceived in Shakespeare's best vein, and the playing of them, to be effective, necessitates additional tenderness on the part of the players.

The Wreck

The brightness of the piece, too, was considerably enhanced by the presence of the children. Prior to the production, and in the full blast of the silly season, a pretty story went the rounds of the Press concerning



Ariel
(Miss Viola Tree)

the pleasant surprise which awaited a stern-faced stipendiary as he took his seat in court one morning. In lieu of a queue of "drunks," there was ranged before him a band of bright-faced children, for whom license was craved to appear in *The Tempest*. The magistrate granted the application, and, so ran the report, actually smiled. If he saw the performance of the little applicants, he might be excused if he forgot his dignity still further and laughed. A diminutive Cupid played the ring-leader, in true comedy style, of a band of merry youngsters, who tripped their way into the hearts of the audience. It would be difficult to say who enjoyed the performance more — the children or their audience. The ballet of "sunburnt picklemen," and the Naiads, with Master Cupid as a most self-possessed master of the ceremonies, was a most pleasant interlude. Indeed, shorn of these graces, the scenery, the music, and the children, the play would be but an indifferent entertainment. With due deprecation, I advance the theory that *The Tempest* has the unmistakable aroma of the tavern. Without insinuating bibulous tendencies to the dramatist, one may draw attention to the vinous quality of this dramatic fantasy. In the first place, the airy inconsequence of the story is such as might well be conceived in a brain which was too elated to busy itself with dry details of sequence. Again the comic relief is entirely alcoholic. If it were not for Stephano's capacious black bottle, there would hardly be a laugh in the piece. The horse-play of Stephano and Trinculo reeks of the tavern. This new and original commentary is offered gratis to Shakespearean students, and may be included in school text-books with the usual acknowledgments.

The advance paragraphist, if I may so designate those inspired gentlemen who indulge in mild prophesies on coming events, had prepared us for a Caliban yet more weird than Shakespeare drew him. These gentlemen, ever our recreation and our joy, declared that Mr. Tree would infuse a vein of poesy into the monster's mind. Mr. Tree did nothing of the kind. He gave us a fine rendering of the *rôle* on the usual lines. The actor's wonderful gift of character was displayed in the whole composition of Caliban, from his besotted appearance to the brutish sounds with which he expressed his primitive emotions.

In certain passages, so faithfully thought out was the impersonation, one could almost see the workings of the monster's mind as he struggled with the difficult expression of his thoughts in human speech. Mr. Tree's Caliban inspired us, as it should do, with pity as well as disgust. It is unfortunate that a well-conceived exit in Prospero's Cave in the penultimate scene should have missed its full effect. Caliban, after the failure of his miserable conspiracy, turns in dumb appeal to Miranda, the one being who inspired his affection, debased as it might be.

She instinctively turns away in aversion.

Then Caliban skulks right across the stage. The exit seemed to be too long drawn out. The crowd on the stage certainly gave one the impression of watching a studied effect. If Caliban had, as he might well have done, sought the nearest way to hide his shame from the mob the situation would have been more telling.

Considering her great height, Miss Viola Tree was fairly nimble as Ariel. She speaks the lines with intelligence, and her singing voice, though it lacks training, is distinctly pleasing.

The bibulosity of Mr. Lionel Brough and Mr. Louis Calvert, in their respective characters, being kept within the proper bounds, struck the right note throughout.

E. C. S.

Mr. Tree as "Caliban"

Ferdinand *(Mr. Basil Gill)* **Miranda** *(Miss Norah Kerin)* **Prospero** *(Mr. Haviland)*

"At the Sign of the Times"

ON VACATIONS, SCULPTURE, AND THE KOREAN LANGUAGE

Looking Forward

There are not wanting signs that the Summer Holidays are declining in popularity. This chaste season, whose rise seems traceable no further back than to the middle of the nineteenth century, may by the middle of the twentieth be no more recognised. The causes of the coming change are more easy to indicate than the results. Business and pleasure are no longer disassociated, as they used to be, somewhat insincerely, by our forbears. We have revolted from the "hack" idea of life. Eleven months in a vale of tears and the twelfth at Brighton no longer satisfies us.

Making the Most of It

We want to make the most of our time every day instead of once a year. We have discovered the End of the Week, and the way out of London, and doctors are giving the discovery their *imprimatur*. Also (a minor matter, perhaps), railway companies are finding out that their ability to outstrip the stage coach is no longer regarded by their clients as such a wonderful matter. They see flying machines on the horizon, motor-cars on the road, and, exercising all their powers of logic, they are arguing that, after all, speed is not such a bad thing, since by means of it their clients' passion for frequent travels and quick returns may be gratified without any considerable loss to shareholders. This argument may lead to great things.

A HOLIDAY IDYLL
Waisting his Time

The Autumnal Press

Whatever may be the future of the Summer Vacation, the present one is over. I know this, because I have just read in a contemporary that a pile of sea-sand imported into one's back garden and kept there will serve to amuse the bairns during the time when the actual seashore is unavailable. Perhaps it will. If it can be kept in the back garden, and not imported into the house, it will at all events be innocuous. But I do not wish to criticise the proposal. I have only referred to it as being one of those practical proposals which show that the silly season is over, and that the Press has now become its sane and sober self again. Henceforward, for several months, no man need fear to read that Germany is conniving with the Esquimaux to overthrow our naval supremacy, or that seventy-five per cent. of his neighbours are victims of the morphine habit, or that Mr. Chamberlain is about to receive a peerage for his services to Free Trade. Autumn makes these statements impossible.

A Sensible Proposal

One of the most sensible proposals lately put forward is, that statues acquired under the Chantrey Bequest, and at present interned in a gallery, should be set up in London's open spaces. As the proposer points out, for one man who sees them by going to the gallery for that purpose, a hundred would then see them without trouble; and London would, moreover, gain in beauty. Foreigners are usually surprised at the paucity and insignificance of our metropolitan sculpture, though they consider—it is true—that our London policemen atone for it to a large extent; and at crowded crossings they would probably even prefer a policeman to a mere marble statue.

Objections to the Same

There seems no reason why London should not have both. The difficulty is, of course, that we are disposed to be utilitarian in these matters. Marble does not wear well; and—as was pointed out a little time ago—the Marylebone Council likes to have its bronze statues painted. There is no disputing about tastes—with a Borough Council. Again, many old gentlemen do not care to have pieces of sculpture "blocking up the streets," as they say. They prefer room to spread their umbrellas.

Possible Remedies

A drinking fountain is about the only thing that would appear to satisfy most people as a combination of the artistic with the useful, though here again the sanitary expert steps forward and points out how much wiser it is to drink at home. Still, drinking fountains are tolerated; and

though it cannot be expected that the Chantrey Trustees should purchase nothing but drinking fountains, a demand for them might result in some fine work. They suggest, moreover, the lines along which our sculptors might continue. I am aware that there is no classic precedent for—let us say—a statue of Hope supplying matches, or for a Victory with telephone attachment, but if water—why not fire—and perhaps public cab whistles and picture post-cards? Let us at least have the strength of our opinions, and, if we are so utilitarian, not be ashamed of it. A bronze statue of Tariff Reform holding a box which could be stocked with Mr. Vince's pamphlets would be a distinct boon.

First Aristocrat: "Gracious! man, what are you thinking of? You simply can't"—

Second Ditto: "But, my dear fellow, there's no one in town, and I've not seen it since I was a boy"

Sans Esprit et Sans Reproche

"We are all human," added a Police-Superintendent recently, when pressed in cross-examination why upon one occasion he should joked when on all others he bore an "irreproachable" character. For one whose business it is to speak lightly at times, there is something infinitely pathetic in this plea. I suppose police-superintendents ought not to joke. Magistrates may, we know: but no such reproach should be incurred by a police-superintendent. The reason is that he may have to explain his joke in the Courts of Justice. It is difficult enough to explain a joke in any place, but in the Courts of Justice it is well-nigh impossible. Aristophanes himself would have failed. In this particular case, the superintendent's joke was explained away for him by one in authority. No bitterer punishment could be meted out to a humorist.

A Difficult Language

The Rev. C. T. Collyer has been recounting the difficulties of the Korean language, which induced Bishop Corfe to throw up his Korean See in despair. It seems that a single idea, such as "Good morning," can be expressed in seven different ways, according to whether you address a boy, a younger married man than yourself, an unmarried woman, etc. At first sight this diversity would seem to place English out of the running. On second thoughts there is no such certainty about it.

And Its Match

Take, for example, the same idea, "Good morning," and conceive it being spoken as follows: (1) By a man riding a restive horse to a motorist meeting him on the road. (2) By a man driving a motor to a man riding a restive horse. (3) By the same to a boy who has thrown his cap under the motor's wheels. (4) By the same to a policeman who greets him at the bend of the road with a chronometer in his hand. (5) By the fair owner of a poodle which has just been run over by a motor to the motorist. (6) By a motor-man prostrate under his machine repairing a break to the crowd watching him. (7) By a farmer to a motorist stuck in a ford and desirous of being lent the aid of a cart horse. Here are already seven cases in which "Good morning" could, and probably would, be expressed differently. MINIMUS.

The Wagers of Williamson

No. IV.

By BARRY PAIN

When next I met Williamson he began to talk feverishly of the Weather Forecast, and of Indirect Taxation. It was, I am glad to say, quite unlike him. I grew very suspicious.

"Williamson," I said, "you told me, after the affair of the orange pips, that you were getting up another little thing for your friend Brown."

"Yes," said Williamson, "but that was nothing much." And then he tried to get on to Indirect Taxation again, but I headed him back.

"Well," I said, "when does this little bet, or whatever it is, come off?"

"It's come off already," said Williamson wearily; "at least, in a sense it has and in a sense it hasn't. It all depends on which way you look at it."

"Tell me about it."

"It seems to me," said Williamson, "you like to gloat over the misfortunes of others. I wouldn't have your mind for a good deal. As it happened, I suppose Brown did in a sort of a way score off me, but it was due more to my carelessness than to any merit of his. We had both of us been at a wedding together, away in boundless Bayswater."

"Why boundless?"

"Because it begins with a 'B'. Brown (who, by the way, also begins with a 'B') is always a well-dressed man, and on this occasion he was quite peculiarly perfect. As we got near to Oxford Circus I asked him if, for fifty pounds, he would go down Regent Street at his usual walking pace, holding a bun openly in each hand, and taking bites out of each bun alternately. He said he wouldn't do it for fifty. I felt rather sorry. I think it would have been worth while to have paid that fifty to see it. However, after thinking it over, he said that he would do it for a hundred, and I immediately offered to bet him a hundred he wouldn't. He took the bet at once, and all I stipulated for was that I should provide the buns. He would have put two of the smallest size out of sight in less than no time, and I meant to select two buns which would stay with him the whole distance, and then leave something for the sparrows in Piccadilly Circus. I got just what I wanted, two of the largest, stickiest, bunniest buns to be found within the cab radius. He looked at them in his stolid way, and never winced. I asked him if he made any objection to them, and he said they seemed to be good enough buns, and that it was worth his while to spoil his dinner as he was going to make a hundred pounds by it. Then he called up a four-wheeled cab, and I told him he couldn't do that. He pointed out the exact wording of the bet. It did not say that he was to walk, but that he was to go at his usual walking pace. He showed the cabman what that was, and told him to match it exactly, and he should have a sovereign at Piccadilly Circus. The cabman thought we were both drunk, and was extremely pleased. Brown asked me to get into the cab too, but I wouldn't. I walked alongside the cab, jeering at him, and trusting to get a crowd round. I didn't get any crowd, but a policeman told me in a friendly way that I couldn't go on like that, and that I'd better be getting home. It was evident that the policeman also thought I was drunk. All the time Brown, in the decent retirement of that cab, was plugging away steadily and apathetically at his buns. I gave it up and went to the club, and half-an-hour later Brown joined me there and drew his hundred."

"And now, perhaps, you'll give it up."

"Is it likely? I consider Brown behaved in a totally unsportsmanlike way, and I told him so, but it only seemed to amuse him. He said that if I couldn't say what I meant, that was not his fault. He had carried out the conditions of the bet exactly as I had laid them down. And now he's going about all over London telling that bun story, with his own improvements and additions. Is it likely I'm going to leave him on the top like that? It's ceased to be a question of a bet with me. It is no longer the amusement of an idle man. I feel myself entrusted with an act of righteous vengeance. When I win my next hundred from Brown, my real satisfaction will come from the feeling that I have punished iniquity."

At this point he stopped to tell the waiter to bring him a whisky and soda; but he still maintained with fair success the attitude and expression of the avenging angel. Never was there a man more convinced of his own righteousness.

"I suppose," he said, "you couldn't think of any little catch I could play off on Brown, could you? I shan't be able to sleep until I am even with him."

It was useless to argue with him.

Maxims of the World

Beware of habits, they are second-hand nature.

The love of our own country should be implanted early or the climate will win.

Faithful are the wounds of a friend—beware, however, of his prescriptions.

Is there anything that sounds so sweet as a concert-singer's voice—to the singer?

No one enjoys the misfortunes of his friends so much as the altruist—it gives him his chance.

Every wise man knows that Spiritual Happiness is the only ultimate good, but Joy-by-the-way has laughing red lips, even if they be painted.

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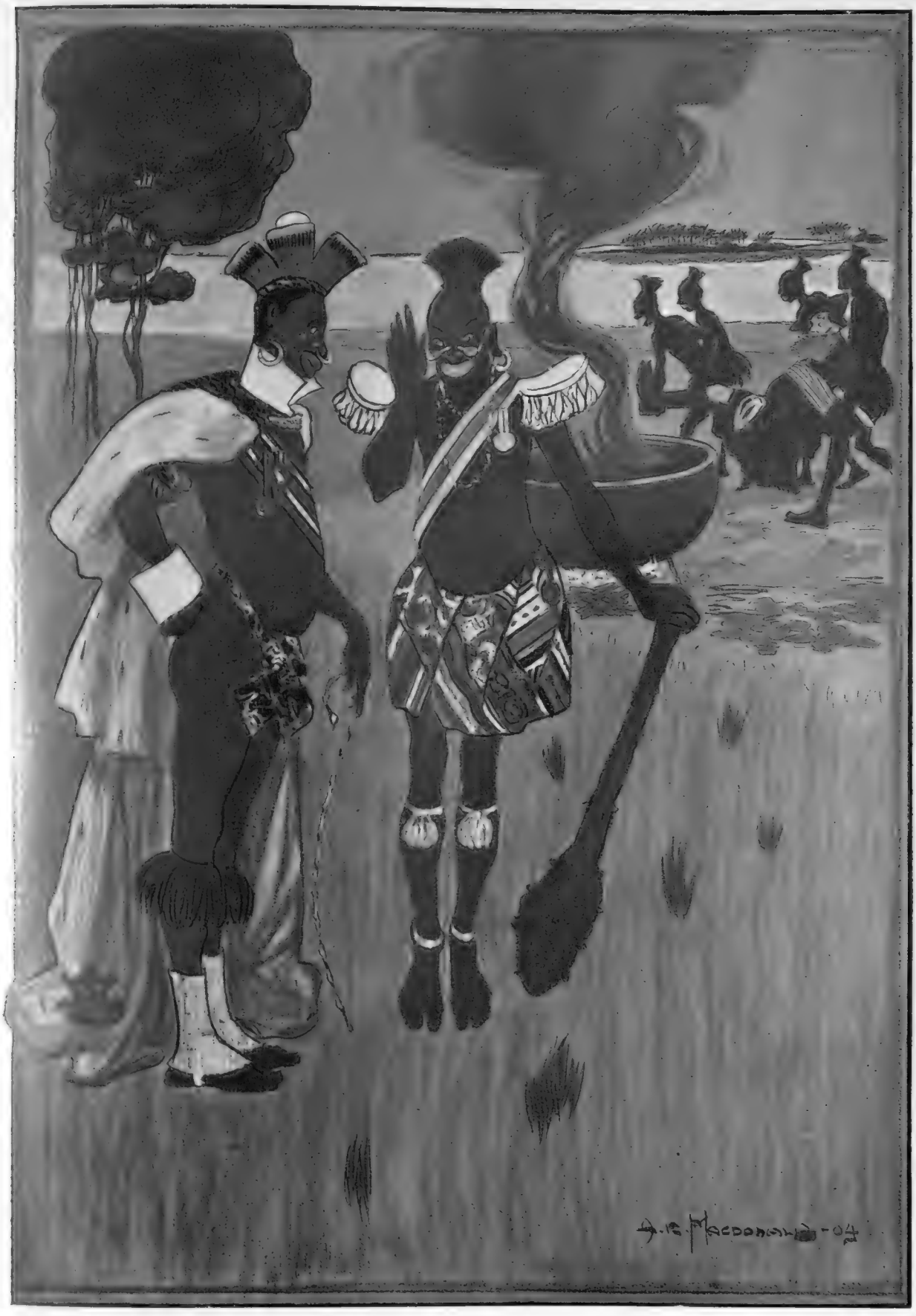

Prime Minister: "Did you address me, Sire?"

Cannibal King: "I did. I asked you if you would join me in a little hot Scotch"

CONCERNING MR. W. W. JACOBS

(NO. 43 OF THE SERIES)

This is the age of wireless telegraphy, flying-machines, and Mr. W. W. Jacobs; and if the first two were likely to do half as much good to the human race as the third has done, and is doing, the future might be a very decent sort of affair after all. Mr. Jacobs, be it repeated, is one of the signs and wonders of the new age. He has invented a thing which is considerably harder to hit upon than any device for sending battle-ships to the bottom or omnibuses through the air, and much more important than any method of lighting people's insides by electricity, or transmitting news of events long before they happen. He has discovered a new kind of humour.

The phrase, "New Humour," has lain very much under suspicion for years past, and for good reason. It was given out as the registered trade-name of a certain literary product, which used to be turned out very industriously by a group of young men headed by Mr. Jerome, the author of a book now totally forgotten, and difficult to procure, called "Three Men in a Boat." This New Humour was, speaking critically, a decorated and decadent form of Early American, which, if it had enjoyed any circulation across the Atlantic, would have been recognised with tears of joy by veterans of the period of the Civil War. (The curious fact that Mr. Jerome, since he shaved his moustache, has been revealed to all men as a typical President of the United States, should be remembered in connection with this peculiar chapter of our literary history.) But that school is dead and gone. Its disciples have mended their ways and their reputations, and most of them have become writers of earnest, even melancholy, fiction of the most ennobling kind.

Mr. Jacobs' claims to the title of new humorist rest upon no connection with that sorry movement—although it is true that he had some dealings with Mr. Jerome as an editor at the outset of his literary career. He was never tarred with that brush; for, from the very first, he has been an artist.

To call Mr. Jacobs the Pett Ridge of the agricultural and seafaring classes would, perhaps, be considered too much like calling Mr. Chamberlain the Lloyd-George of Tariff Reform—comparing the world-famous with the notable. But Mr. Pett Ridge, whose admirable work deserves much more than the success which it has, is the only writer whose method much resembles that of Mr. Jacobs. The resemblance is, of course, purely a natural one, indeed a family one. For both these writers report some aspects of the life and especially the methods, of speech of certain classes of modern Englishmen as nobody else does it—with absolute truth. Mr. Jacobs has approached the speech of the merchant seamen, and that of the rustics of the country round London, in the same spirit as that in which Mr. Pett Ridge has approached the speech of the Cockney: the spirit of the linguist. He has studied their life in a mood of scientific detachment. That is why Ginger Dick, Old Sam Small, Bob Pretty, and the *habitués* of the "Cauliflower," live and move before us. They are the people as they are seen in a particular mood. They and their doings are racy of the English soil.

It has been reserved for this writer to express the problem of existence as it presents itself to the English masses. The struggle for life, in which their savage ancestors engaged, has become the struggle for beer. Beer is the grand recurring theme of all Mr. Jacobs' work. It is the lodestar of all his characters; and beer with gin in it is the nectar of the Jacobean gods, making its appearance at all seasons of prosperity and joy. One who has tried the experiment declares that a tale by Mr. Jacobs is never fully appreciated until one has read it under a hedge in Hertfordshire immediately after disposing of a quart of four-ale. The Will to Live is neither more nor less than the Will to Drink with the Claybury rustics, or with the sailor-men in whose company the inimitable "night watchman" has roamed and revelled in Wapping.

People often say they are surprised when they see a picture of Mr. Jacobs, or himself in the flesh. It is uncertain how to take this. Did they, one is inclined to wonder, expect to find Mr. Jacobs a being subtly compounded of forecastle and farm labourer? Would they have him remind them in alternate moments of Captain Barley and the oldest inhabitant of Claybury? Should he have the look of one perpetually scheming to drink another's beer?

Probably Mr. Jacobs acquired his expresion of lamb-like harmlessness in the service of his country, for which he laboured some sixteen years in the Savings' Bank Department, only retiring in 1899, when it had become clear that a man who was making so much money out of the public taste for light reading had no place in an organisation for the encouragement of thrift. This employment of his may explain why he chose the sailor and the agricultural labourer for the study of his leisure moments, as being less inclined to save money than any other classes in the community.

His parents called him William Wymark forty-one years ago. So he has still many years, as we all hope, ahead of him in which to turn out those literary jewels that made his fame, or to improve on the success that his first play is having in Mr. Cyril Maude's hands. He is the nearest thing to a national humorous writer we have; and he has published some of the ghastliest Tales of Terror in our literature.

"Beauty and the Barge"

A SKETCH OF THE PLAYWRIGHT BY HIS BROTHER, FRED. J. JACOBS

SPECIAL THEATRE SUPPLEMENT

"THE CHEVALEER"

By HENRY ARTHUR JONES

AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

Lady Anne Kellond (*Miss Violet Vanbrugh*) — **The Chevaleer** (*Mr. Arthur Bourchier*)

Lady Anne Kellond descries the Chevaleer under the table

The play opens in the bar-parlour of "The Woolpack Hotel," at Grandbury, where a number of travelling showmen are putting up. They have come to answer an advertisement of Sir John Kellond, who wishes to celebrate in suitable style the centenary of an ancestor who fought at Inkerman. The "Woolpack Hotel" also harbours Charlie Inskip and Lady Kellond, whose position at the hotel, though innocent, is compromising. They hold a conversation on the matter, and shortly after Lady Kellond is horrified by the discovery of the Chevaleer's presence under the table. She jumps to the conclusion that he has heard the conversation between herself and Charlie Inskip

"Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool—but only three for a hero Ha! Ha! we wake like a giant refreshed"

"The Chevaleer," our old friend Vincent Crummles in new dress, also staying at the hotel, has the best qualifications for managing Sir John Kellond's proposed celebration. So his companions steal a march upon him. After an orgie the night before, they leave him wrapped in his own tarpaulin to sleep out his drunken slumber while they hasten to interview Sir John concerning the centenary celebrations

"Oh, Charlie! that dreadful man was under the table and heard every word that we said"

On this situation the fun of the play is based. The Chevaleer knows nothing, but he is credited with the knowledge of a supposed guilty secret

"And how much do you think Sir John would go to in the petty matter of sordid cash"

The Chevaleer is 'cute enough to tumble to the fact that he has made a most surprising impression on Lady Kellond. He never dreams it is his supposed possession of the secret, but, picturesque egotist as he is, puts it down to his own personal attractions. She is only too pleased to keep on good terms with him, and promises him her patronage in the matter of the centenary

Ostler (*Miss E. Arthur-Jones*) **Juno Mounteagle** **The Chevaleer** (*Mr. Bourchier*) **Lady Kellond** (*Miss Vanbrugh*) **Sellars, the Landlord** (*Mr. Arthur Chesney*)

"My Lady, allow me to present you to my daughter"

Mr. Bourchier is inimitable in his assumption of the Chevaleer's flamboyant gallantry. He struts about, waves his arms, and rolls the "high-falutin'" phrases round his tongue with infinite gusto. Lady Kellond is more than ever convinced from his manner that he knows all. The Chevaleer presents his daughter in lordly manner, and his offer to take Lady Kellond to Kellond Park in his barouche is accepted

Sir John Kellond (*Mr. H. Nye Chart*) **The Hon. Harcourt Cranage** (*Mr. O. B. Clarence*)

"May I presume to intrude upon this distinguished and aristocratic assembly"

The Chevaleer makes an effective entry into the family circle at Kellond Park. He puts them quite at their ease in his characteristic fashion. They look upon his antics with mingled feelings of amusement and contempt. Birdlip, however, the young Eton lordling, thinks the Chevaleer a fine fellow, and his daughter, Juno, the nicest girl he ever met

Mrs. Fulks-Meesom (*Miss Nancy Price*) **Lady Kellond** (*Miss Violet Vanbrugh*)

"Oh, no, Laura, please don't go; you must hear the whole story now"

On the night that Lady Kellond stayed at the "Woolpack" she was supposed to be on a visit to her friend, Mrs. Fulks-Meesom. When the latter calls at Kellond Park she is pounced upon by the distracted Lady Kellond, who implores her to back up her story of the visit to her (Mrs. Fulks-Meesom's) house. Mrs. Fulks-Meesom, however, has fallen under the influence of a Mr. Spilsby, an Evangelistic minister

The Chevaleer lights upon another guilty secret

The minister's influence is so potent that Mrs. Fulks-Meesom, converted entirely from her flighty ways, absolutely declines to be a party to the deception, and suggests that the advice of the Evangelistic Spilsby be taken in the matter. At this critical juncture, the Chevaleer enters, and just catches the words, "Spilsby must know all." "Another guilty secret," thinks the Chevaleer, and uses the tag, "Spilsby must know all," as another hold over the inmates of Kellond Park

The Earl of Birdlip
(Mr. Walter Pearce)
"Cheero, Birdlip!" "Cheero, Chevaleer!"

One of the side issues of the play, which gives rise to very entertaining light comedy scenes, is young Birdlip's infatuation for Juno, the Chevaleer's daughter. In a most amusing scene the lordling makes a formal demand to the Chevaleer for his daughter's hand. The Chevaleer, who is quite willing that the match should take place, is more than usually pompous about the matter, and healths are drunk in the Chevaleer's best sherry

"Allow me, my poly-cantankerous friend, to tell you the part played by my noble ancestor on the field of Waterloo"

Of the inmates of Kellond Park, the Chevaleer meets with the strongest opposition to his schemes from the Hon. Harcourt Cranage, Sir John Kellond's uncle. Cranage is a cynic, and is not at all impressed by the Chevaleer's manner. The Chevaleer, indeed, has the utmost difficulty in over-riding this opposition, and tries to impress the company by reciting the deeds of a fictitious ancestor at Waterloo

"I have little time to waste. Tell me the whole painful story, please, or—Spilsby shall know all."

Mrs. Fulks-Meesom is another victim of the Chevaleer's faculty for lighting upon guilty secrets. The lady has had a past which she is most anxious to withhold from the knowledge of her *fiancé*, Mr. Spilsby. "Spilsby must know all," her own suggestion concerning Lady Kellond's secret, is utilised by the crafty Chevaleer as a hold over Mrs. Fulks-Meesom herself. The Chevaleer is, however, magnanimous, and promises not to divulge a word. "I've nobbled her," he chuckles, on Mrs. Fulks-Meesom's exit

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Chevaleer"

"My Lady, we are ever at your service"

Having disposed of Mrs. Fulks-Meesom the Chevaleer next tackles Lady Kellond. He makes the same solemn promise to her not to divulge a single fact in his possession. He promises to go far away and never come back again. The inmates of Kellond Park are hard put to it to conceal their relief at this announcement

Sir John Kellond (*Mr. Nye Chart*) **Lady Kellond** (*Miss Vanbrugh*) **Juno Mounteagle** (*Miss E. Arthur-Jones*) **The Chevaleer** (*Mr. Arthur Bourchier*)

'My kind lady and gentlemen friends, I will now relate to you a pathetic incident concerning my ancestor's share in the battle of Waterloo"

The curtain rings down upon the Chevaleer's speech to the mob assembled outside to witness the festivities in connection with the centenary. With characteristic effrontery the Chevaleer omits all mention of the real hero of the occasion, and entertains his audience with a description of the heroic *rôle* played by his own ancestor in the battle of Waterloo

OUR SHORT STORY

THE DEDICATION

BY ETTA COURTNEY

Peter Van Saarden came home one June evening from a heavy day in the City, asking himself what irony of thought the smiling lips of his wife concealed, and how much outraged feeling was betrayed in the gravity of her brown eyes, which had less power of concealment than her lips. It was a question Peter had asked himself to distraction's point lately. Also he had had of late many hard days in the City, and was in that predicament of finding himself on the brink of a precipice in his affairs through no fault of his own; but it was not this anxiety which took the heart out of him. There were other grounds for a mental distress which left him pitifully unequipped for the strain of business affairs; and these to-day were mounted to a climax.

Twelve months had been lived through by him in the most exquisite certainty of the woman he had married. He could never, in all his introspection, quite determine when and how doubt first crept in; it was insidious, vague, it might have originated in his own diffidence: though that would have been the last reason to which he himself would have ascribed the beginning of his torture.

However, in her marriage with him Stella had sacrificed certain social amenities, in one sense paying a full penalty for taking to herself a husband whose vocation was as unrecognised by the world she had left as was the locality of the small flat wherein she and Peter elected to set up their housekeeping.

Peter told himself that he had lived in a fool's paradise in supposing that the world held such an anachronism as a woman really and abidingly content to find her best self-esteem in a good man's love rather than in what else he might be able to offer her. As time passed, life resettling after the flutter of marriage into evenness, the obviousness of her isolation, through him, forced itself to his mind more and more; and it assumed, to his sensitiveness, proportions which he felt could but over-balance the happiness she had seemed to find at first in their dual life. And once the poison worked, he began to be very industrious, indeed, in depreciating the elements of this happiness. What, from a woman's point of view, to a woman of Stella's previous life and surroundings, were such nothings of uneventful daily existence as mere complete understanding? Looks and words and little ways of tenderest concern for the life loved better than his own? Poor nothings these, held up for comparison in the hard white light of the brilliancy that had been hers before.

Little by little the shadow of his doubt became great and obtruded between them; and Peter grew haggard. Often now he was silent where once he would have spoken—how fatal this: and often she was forced to turn away her head lest he should see how her eyes filled. Whereupon he left the room many a time abruptly, convinced she was tired of the sight of him, weary of all that pretence which the strong faithfulness, so much part of her, insisted upon maintaining.

To-day it happened at the cheap restaurant where he was now accustomed to take his meals, that a man he knew slightly came up and thrust a last night's evening paper before him with the words:

"I should think you're feeling proud to-day, Van Saarden."

"Why?" said Peter, looking up vaguely from bread and cheese.

"Well, your's isn't exactly a common name, at all events in this country, so I conclude this notoriety belongs to your family."

He put the paper down on the table before Peter, open at the column of publishers' advertisements, and his blunt forefinger stopped at the large type temptingly employed by one of the larger firms.

Peter looked, and his eyes swam. An announcement was there before him which he saw printed in letters of fire. Messrs. M—— were advertising a book called "A Social Irony," and it was written by Stella Van Saarden.

He had not one moment's doubt concerning the identity of the woman whose name stood printed there. It did not so much as occur to him that there could be any other Stella Van Saarden in the world but his wife.

He left the restaurant abruptly, went straight to a booksellers, and asked for the book.

"Only just out," said the shopman to him across the counter; "but there's going to be a run on it; we've had an enormous number of copies called for."

Peter was obliged to go back to his office, where he would be detained late, but he was in a fever to cut the book and look into her soul through the windows of its pages, as he now felt he had never done in the supposed reality of their life together. Yet another feeling struggled with this passionate desire to see the real truth for himself. He knew that he hated the book before he had so much as read a word of it, for the traitor it must be to his own most sacred thoughts and emotions, which, up to this point in their lives when he first began to discover, he had supposed himself to be sharing with her. With a blind belief and perfect trust in her, he had never from the moment of their first complete—or what he imagined complete—understanding, hidden from her his soul's greatest depths; and all the while her nearest and best had lain so remote from him. Unconsciously, it repelled him as a treachery that the soul to soul—

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—which was marriage as he understood it—was, so far as she was concerned, evidently but an ordinary condition, free to all the world that cared to see; and what she tricked him with, no more than the semblance of an ideal. This was a mortal blow.

Peter had promised his wife to get his evening meal in the City, if, as he expected, he should be detained; she still kept up such outer semblances of caring, as expressed thought for his welfare. She herself was gone out of town to see one of the few relatives who had not ostracised her since her marriage, and could not be home till late. His work done, he sat on at his desk, forcing himself at length to cut the pages of the book.

His eyes would not serve him at first; they conveyed no import of what they read; he was conscious of a feeling of nausea. By degrees, however, he began to take in the meaning of whole paragraphs. The meaning of the book itself began to assert itself.

It was a novel whose purpose seemed, by means of the working out of some great mistake on the part of the heroine, to illustrate how vain it is for mankind to try and ignore the social landmarks which are so kindly provided by Providence for the exigencies of modern life.

The heroine, Leila, brilliant, clever, had, it appeared, lost her way in a resolve to do without them. In one place he found these words: "He had not yet tested all the qualities of a woman's love; nor could he know how, with women, love and pride are intermingled, so that to aim a cunning blow at the one is as good as to destroy the other."

The moisture stood out on Peter's forehead. He turned to another page. Leila, the heroine, was talking to a Mrs. Burdock. "'Of course, then,' said Leila, 'one should never marry for love, because love is nothing but a phase?' Mrs. Burdock laughed, and replied: 'A phase a good many of us go through one time or another, my dear; and if we are wise, nothing ever comes of it, any more than it does of philanthropy, or bazaars, or the turning over of new leaves, which, before we're twenty, we all have a craze for doing somewhere about the first of January.'

"Leila heard and went on gravely, 'And supposing, Mrs. Burdock, the world really seemed quite empty without one particular man, and one was obliged to be only half understood by everybody else—it's really very uncomfortable to be going on for ever with half of you a sealed book—I suppose one should put all that feeling aside, too, as part of the delusion?' 'Of course,' was the prompt answer, 'because it *is* only part of the delusion; a leaven of the simplicity of Eden still survives in some simple breasts; but, of course, the world has been obliged for a good many years to get beyond that kind of thing. What a woman really wants is position, money, and scope for action: this is the substance of marriage; the other is, after all, nothing more than the shadow.' 'Then you don't believe in Shakespeare's "down on your knees, and thank Heaven fasting for a good man's love"?' But Mrs. Burdock only laughed. In spite of the quotation offered her, she felt sure of having, as she wished, convinced Leila."

Peter presently closed the book and went home; he lacked courage to read more. What he had read set the death warrant upon his love, and his love was his life; Stella, the very breath of his nostrils. Arrived in their flat, he began to pace the sitting room, a singing in his ears, an extraordinary sudden sense of unreality investing all the familiar objects of his home: in particular all things peculiarly hers; her books, her framed prints on the wall. All these stared him out of countenance with cold condemning eyes.

The whirl in his brain was not thought—he could not think—but the maze of it seemed to shape itself towards some heavy impending catastrophe not yet revealed.

His steps presently arrested themselves before the little table upon which stood Stella's work-basket; from it there protruded a portion of one of his own socks. Mechanically he pulled out the partially mended thing with the half filled needle sticking in it. Growing conscious of the harshness of its touch, he flushed hotly, and a pitiless question insisted itself. Beautiful, refined, of surpassing delicacy of habit, what right had he to accept such labour from her hands? The labour was part of her sweet orderly recognition of wifely duties, but at this juncture—with a still standing heart—Peter recognised the integral meaning of the question. What right had he to demand compulsion of wifehood from her? The right given of marriage vows indeed, but these contracted in ignorance, and turned to bondage.

She bore his name, she was flesh of his flesh; yet was the very moon and stars above him. He quailed at the thought of his nothingness in comparison with her; at his inferiority; he marvelled that even for one brief hour she could have thought she loved him. In a flash he realised the true separateness of her life from his, in thought and motive, revealed in her book; and again and again the blow struck, as the certainty declared itself that even in that time, when the absolute, exquisite assurance of her had made Heaven for him, she must have already begun to find an outlet for her discomfort, in her book; the book was the expression of what, with the utmost passionate desire in the world, he could not share with her.

It was curious that in the fact of his having been kept in entire ignorance of the book's existence, he found not a single pang of jealousy, but saw in her silence only further proof of her sweet and delicate tact. The book was a necessity to her condition, yet she would save him, to whom she gave wifely duty, from hearing the inevitable cry of her too patient soul.

All this time Peter had held in his hands the partially darned sock; now he dropped it, the wool was harsh, and pricked and burned his fingers, and to think of hers working upon it shamed him unutterably.

That which had lain heavy and ominous at the back of his tortured brain now took sudden shape and meaning. He had no right to demand compulsion of wifely duty; the only right now left him lay in the speedy freeing of her from that which she had undertaken in ignorance and too cruelly suffered for.

Scales fell from his eyes. He saw half-heartedness

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Love, more than confessed, shone in her eyes, on her parted lips, made a majesty of her slim height.

But he remembered the book, with a sudden flash of pain; though in the presence of love, shame kept back the exclamation. But her eyes of love, that almost, though not quite, could read his heart, saw the shadow gather.

"Peter, tell me everything; think how I love you, and yet you keep me half in the dark! Think how I grieve to see you like this, and yet cannot help you till you show me all."

He began then to tell her, the broken fragments of months of misery. It was a hard tale in the telling, and after a little she slipped her arm about him, guiding him to his own particular chair.

"But that is not all," she whispered, kneeling beside him. "That is not all the unhappiness of weeks and months; not *to-day's*"—she shuddered—"this awful to-day, that I cannot understand—you nearly broke my heart just now!"

He reached out to the book on the table at his left hand and gave it her; that was his answer. His lips trembled like a woman's as he did this; the terrible question in his eyes told her all his agony of isolation, of being apart.

"You've not read it through?" she answered him. A pale little laugh began to tremble out on her lips. "Nor read the dedication? Oh, Peter, you might have waited for me to break my own news and give the book to you—I did not know it was out yet. But the dedication . . . ."

She tore open with her finger the uncut pages following the title. The work was thus inscribed:

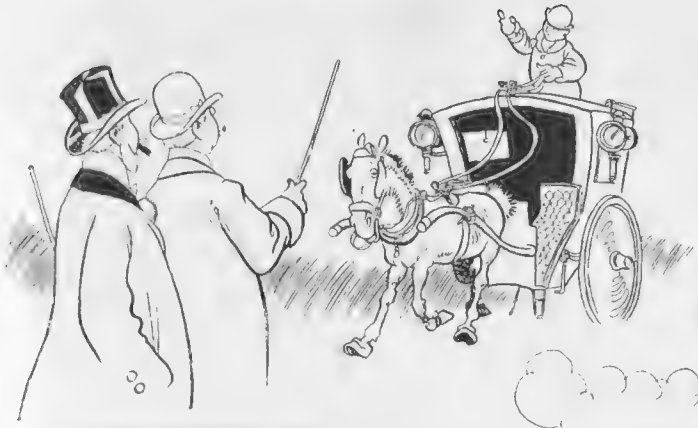
> To my husband. In all honour and love of a perfect understanding.
>
> ETTA COURTNEY.

The Mills Monster Telescope for measuring stars at the South Pole

One of the most interesting astronomical expeditions ever organised is that which will leave New York shortly for Santiago, in Chili. The object of the expedition is to discover at what speed and in what direction the solar system is moving—that is to say, the sun and all its attendant planets, including, of course, our earth. The only way to determine accurately the speed and direction is to measure the velocity and distance of the principal stars over a given portion of the sky in both hemispheres. During the last six years the authorities at the Lick Observatory, in California, have measured some four hundred of the brighter stars in one quarter of the sky surrounding the North Pole. In the same way between three and four hundred of the brighter stars surrounding the South Pole will be measured by astronomers at Santiago. From the results obtained in the Northern Hemisphere, it would appear that the solar system is moving either towards the Constellation Hercules or in the direction of the southern boundary of the Lyre, at the rate of 12½ miles a second, or at the enormous speed of 45,000 miles every hour of the day and night. The expense of the expedition is being borne by Mr. D. O. Mills, and the instrument, which has been designed and built for the work, has been named after him. It is a reflector of the cassegrain form, and regarded as one of the most remarkable telescopes ever built, capable of doing much varied and important work. Our photograph depicts the instrument as it appeared at the Lick Observatory, upon its temporary mountings, before being despatched to Chili.

Wood Pigeons round the Decoy

DRAWN BY A. J. WALL

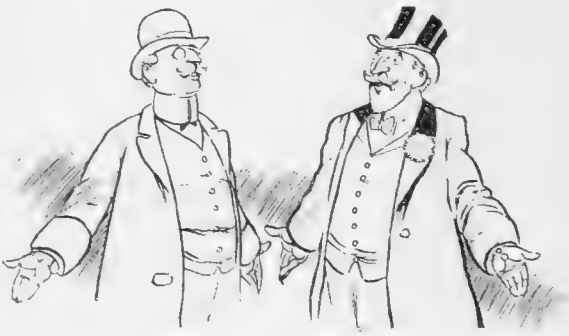


"I think we had better take a cab . . "

"No, old fellow, please allow me . . "

"My dear chap, I insist . . "

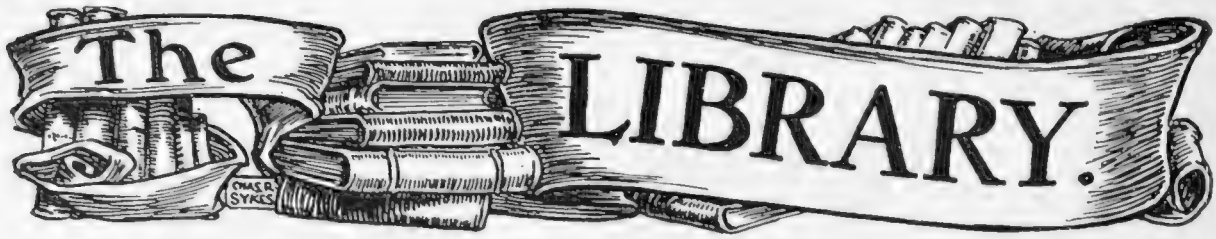
"Hang it all, it's my show; I called the cab . . "



"Great Scott! if I havn't forgotten . . "

And then they had to give up their Waterburys

HAS IT EVER HAPPENED TO YOU?



Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Tibet and the Tibetans." By F. Grenard. The remarkable story of a French scientific mission which almost reached Lhasa; translated from the French. (Hutchinson: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Aubrey de Vere." By Wilfrid Ward. A memoir based on the poet's unpublished diaries and correspondence. (Longmans: 14*s.* net.)

"The Complete Motorist." By A. B. Filson Young. (Methuen: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Wayfarers' Love." Edited by the Duchess of Sutherland. A volume of poems by most of the leading living writers, printed by, and published for, the benefit of the Potteries and Newcastle Cripples' Guild. (Constable: 6*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"Mr. Burden, Dealer in Hardware." By Hilaire Belloc. Illustrated by G. K. Chesterton. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Lady of Loyalty House." By Justin Huntly M'Carthy. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Kate of Kate Hall." By Mrs. Felkin (Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler) and Mr. A. L. Felkin. (Hutchinson: 6*s.*)

"The Happy Valley." By Mrs. Croker. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Genevra." By Charles Marriott. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Jan Van Dyck." By J. Morgan-de-Groot. (Blackwood: 6*s.*)

OUR WEEKLY BOOK-LETTER

From JASPER SPEKE, *Barrister-at-Law, to* SIR JOHN HEAVITREE, *Bart., Lestead Hall, Norfolk*

No. V.

Fleet Street, September 26, 1904.

MY DEAR SQUIRE,—

When you do make up your mind to brave the contempt of your neighbours and the cold dislike of your stableman, and invest in the motor-car—after which, I know, you secretly hanker—you cannot do better than to acquire a copy of *The Complete Motorist*, by A. B. Filson Young (Methuen). I am not sure that I should not recommend you to buy and study this very complete and interesting work at once, for then I think your mind will make itself up, and you will get your motor-car and be happy. The book is very well put together. The preliminary chapter on "The Evolution of the Motor-Car," fully illustrated from old prints and drawings, is full of interest, and when the author gets down to more technical subjects he is successful in explaining, with ingenious lucidity, details of mechanism which offer considerable difficulties to the novice. Petrol, steam, or electricity — you may get a useful knowledge of all three methods of propulsion, and make up your mind which you prefer. There are descriptions of several of the best known cars, expert advice to the intending purchaser, information as to the expense of up-keep; everything, indeed, that one wants to know about before making the plunge, and after. Perhaps the most arresting pronouncement on the subject of automobiles which the book contains is a long letter from Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Mr. Kipling puts his finger right on the spot when he says that the real joy of motoring to him is "the discovery of England." So it will be to thousands of others when prejudice has died down or the car has come into its own. I have motored enough to realise that the great main roads of England, even those in populous counties, are very little used, except in the immediate vicinity of towns and villages. We are changing all that. England *is* being re-discovered by the motor-car, and before long the joy of the road will become our possession again, as it was the possession of our coach-driving, posting forefathers. *The Complete Motorist* is the most valuable, as it is the most interesting, of all the books on automobilism that have been published of recent years.

Now for a few novels. I mention three, each of which I have read through—no small compliment from a reviewer of fiction, who soon gets possessed of an almost diabolical ingenuity in plucking the heart out of a book after a very cursory perusal of its pages. *Genevra*, by Charles Marriott (Methuen), first attracted me because of the great pleasure with which I read *The Column*, this author's first book. Mr. Marriott would find it difficult to write without distinction, and *Genevra* is in some ways a remarkable book. As a study of temperament, it is as searching as anything I have read for some time. But the story is not altogether satisfactory, and it is far slighter than Mr. Marriott's previous work. However, it is worth reading, which is more than can be said of most novels published nowadays.

I do not know whether *Jan Van Dyck*, by J. Morgan-de-Groot (Blackwood), is a translation from the Dutch. Probably not; but it is remarkable alike for the purely Dutch atmosphere of the story, and for the somewhat disconcerting freedom with which much of the dialogue is rendered into purely English slang. With that one reservation I have nothing but praise for this book. The story is told with admirable restraint and it contains a really fascinating picture of the upper middle-class and University life of Holland. *Jan Van Dyck* certainly ought to go into your library list.

Mrs. Croker is an old favourite of mine. Her stories are so bright, her characterisation so clever, and although her literary qualities are not of the highest, they are not inconsiderable. *The Happy Valley* (Methuen) tells of a fishing station in Norway, and of the people gathered there for the summer, and what befell them. A delightfully readable novel.

Messrs. A. and C. Black still continue the publication of their attractive series of picture books. The two latest are *Morocco*, painted by A. S. Forrest, described by S. L. Bensusan, and *Westminster Abbey*, painted by John Fulleylove, R.I., described by Mrs. A. Murray Smith. The former has over seventy illustrations in colour the latter twenty-one, and both are well worth adding to your library.

Believe me, my dear Squire,

Very sincerely yours,

JASPER SPEKE.

Books to Appear Shortly

Mr. E. D. Morel, the honorary secretary of the Congo Reform Association, who sailed for America last week to present a memorial to President Roosevelt in connection with the Congo scandal, has a book on the subject coming out with Mr. Heinemann next month, entitled "King Leopold's Rule in Africa." The most striking thing about the book is that the author, basing himself primarily upon the Constitution of the Congo Free State, claims to have brought home the direct and personal responsibility for the present appalling situation to the European monarch whom the civilised Powers entrusted with the guardianship of the Congo territories twenty years ago.

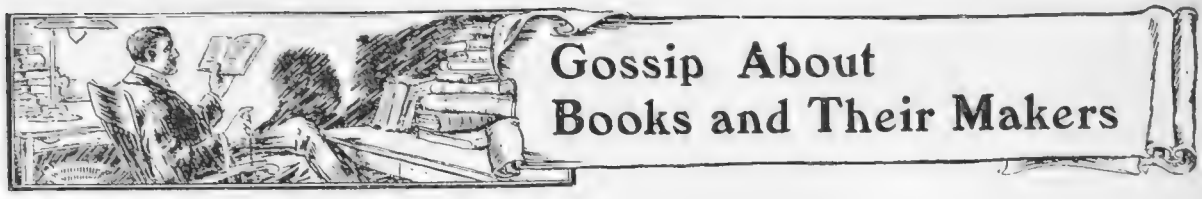
The writing of military novels still seems to be the shortest cut to fame in the Fatherland. Another young officer has just been committed to prison for daring to emulate Lieutenant Bilse's example, and Mr. Heinemann will shortly publish an English translation of a third book which has been anathematised in official quarters as a foul libel on the great army that made modern Germany. The author is Franz Adam Beyerlein, and the German original of his novel had a circulation in the first year of its career of close upon a quarter of a million copies. Meantime, we hear that Lieutenant Bilse himself is bringing out a new military novel, the English translation of which is to be published by Mr. Lane.

Books of travel are not over numerous this season publishers complain that there is no longer much demand for them—but there should be plenty of good reading in a volume to be published by Messrs. Blackwood to-morrow. This is a new book, "On the Outskirts of Empire in Asia," by the Earl of Ronaldshay, the Marquess of Zetland's eldest surviving son, whose "Sport and Politics under an Eastern Sky," published a year or two ago, was an excellent work of its kind. "It is in Asia once again," wrote Prince Henri d'Orleans in "Around Tonkin," "that will be decided the destinies of the world. In Asia will be founded, and will increase, great empires, and whoever succeeds in making his voice heeded in the Far East will be able to speak in dominating accents to Europe." This is the text that Lord Ronaldshay has taken for his new work, in which he describes a journey by rail, steamboat, raft, wheeled conveyances of many kinds, and pack pony through Asiatic Turkey, Persia, Transcaspia, Turkestan, Siberia, and Manchuria. His book is illustrated by his own photographs

Another travel book that takes in the Far East and its problems is a volume to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, in which Mr. James Pinnock describes his "Wander Years Round the World." Few parts of the globe, indeed, were left untouched by Mr. Pinnock and his companions during their three years' wanderings. Their rarer experiences included visits to the unfamiliar city of Mexico, to the land of the Hairy Ainu, to Vladivostok and Korea—where they foresaw much that happened shortly after they left—and to the Khyber Pass. They went to the borders of Tibet, they visited Theebaw's Palace in Mandalay, and they camped out while lion hunting in Uganda. The author, in addition to describing their adventures and the countries they passed through, gives many practical hints as to the commercial possibilities of all the Colonies and British possessions visited in the course of their tour.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has gone to a stormy period in the history of Wales for the plot of his new novel, "In Dewisland," which Messrs. Methuen will publish to-morrow. It is a story of the times of the Rebecca riots of 1843, when lawless bands of Welshmen gave violent expression to their dislike of turnpike gates by attacking them in force. A curious fact in connection with these disturbances was that the rioters were dressed in women's clothes, and the leader and his followers—in allusion to Isaac's bride—were known as "Rebecca and her daughters." The military had to be called out to suppress the agitation, and very severe sentences were passed on such as were taken.

An interesting note is given by Messrs. Blackwood in announcing a sixth impression of Lieutenant-Colonel C. E. Callwell's "Tactics of To-Day," which was written while the author was with the Natal Field Force during the War in South Africa. The book was designed to meet the new conditions which entirely transformed the art of troop-leading in action, and called for sweeping modifications in the fundamental principles of drill and training. Shortly after publication it was translated into Japanese for use in the Mikado's army, and recent events seem to justify Colonel Callwell's prediction, in the preface to the first edition, that "the army which is beforehand in profiting by the lessons of our South African War will have gained a march upon its rival should they meet in combat within the next few years."



Links with the Past

An able editor mentioned to me the other day, with the air of one who had secured a sensational article, that he was going to publish an interview with a man who had met Lord Byron in Greece. At first sight this may possibly be thought a far reach back, so remote to the present generation seems the day of Byron. But I knew very well one, himself no mean poet, who had looked on Byron's coffin when it lay in state in Nottingham just eighty years ago, and who is only two years dead —Philip James Bailey. Something more remarkable, look you, is signified by a little note among the current literary announcements: — "Mr. John Hogg has in the press two profusely illustrated volumes of his 'Artistic Crafts Series of Technical Handbooks.'" Mr Hogg, when I last met him, about two years ago, was a picture of ruddy health, though goodness knows how many winters had gone to the whitening of his beard. He is a son of none other than James Hogg, after Burns, the greatest of Scotland's "peasant-poets." Now, "the Ettrick Shepherd" was eighteen years of age when Byron was born and had published "The Mountain Bard" when the author of "Don Juan" was a lad of fifteen. Mr. John Hogg was a successful London publisher when many men who are now grey-haired grandfathers were youthful readers of his celebrated periodical *Hogg's Instructor*, and although he retired from business a good many years ago he still continued to publish through other houses, but within the last two years he has again been issuing books bearing his own imprint, and he seems determined to be faithful to Paternoster Row to the end. It is rare, indeed, to find a man actively engaged in business seventy years after his father's death!

Photo by *Russell*

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Who is credited with having received £6,000 by the revivification of Sherlock Holmes

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

What an interesting book of literary reminiscences might not Mr. John Hogg give us! Scores of authors whose personalities to-day seem vague and far-away he knew intimately, and might revivify for us of this later day. He has seen, too, the beginnings of many writers still alive and famous. Among these is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, some of whose earliest work was accepted by Mr. Hogg for *London Society*. How far Sir Arthur has travelled since then is illustrated by the fact that, while the earnings of his pen during the first ten years of his literary career averaged less than £50 a year, he is credited with having received the almost fabulous sum of £6,000 for his last series of eight "Sherlock Holmes" stories. I notice that in France his work is extremely popular, translations of his "detective" fictions especially being in evidence on the French bookstalls and in the periodical press. It is, I fancy, his ingenuity in the construction of a story that appeals to the taste of our neighbours across the Channel. English authors are at present translated into French for their less worthy qualities, as I cannot imagine any sane critic willing to exchange "The White Company" for all the Sherlock Holmes stories Sir Arthur has written. I read in an American magazine recently an anecdote of Sir Arthur's boyhood so grotesquely an invention that I should like to quote it as a sample of the stuff on which American readers are fed. "As a boy of six he spun a blood-curdling yarn of a tiger swallowing a man, and proceeded to read it to his mates. When he had reached some harrowing situation he would stop and refuse to go further until a currant tart was produced. After

refreshing himself therewith he would consent to go on until another crisis in the tale afforded an opportunity for the demand for another tart." This, I may say, was told in order to prove that the child was father to the man, "Conan Doyle being one of the authors who has (*sic*) always known how to secure a good price for his literary wares."

Literary Place-Names

Some time ago I made a note of the different ways in which English and French novelists deal with the scenes of their stories, the former usually applying a fanciful name to a place that may be more or less real, and the latter as a rule describing actual places and giving them their real names. It has since occurred to me that we have at least one instance in which the fictitious name has superseded in reality the original place-name. Sir Walter Scott, who, perhaps, more than any of our great novelists, was necessarily bound to traffic largely in real names, chose to endow Craignethan Castle, in his romance of "Old Mortality," with the rather frivolous name of Tillietudlem. Although we have reason to suppose that his Tillietudlem Castle is in the great part imaginary, the ruins of Craignethan, beautifully situated on a commanding hill above the little river Nethan, some three miles from its junction with the Clyde, have something of the character of Sir Walter's imaginary stronghold. Somehow or other the fiction has proved sturdier than the fact, and for a generation at least, Tillietudlem has been the accepted name of the castle. I remember visiting the scene as a boy, and noticing the legend on the railway station—"Tillietudlem." I wonder if there are other examples of old place-names giving way to those of an author's fancy. Will Kirriemuir one day decide to be known as Thrums, and Dorchester as Casterbridge?

Photo by] Mrs. L. T. Meade [*Russell*

Whose latest novel, "Love Triumphant," has just been published

Mrs. L. T. Meade

In her latest novel, "Love Triumphant," the title of which was inspired by that of the late G. F. Watts's famous picture, Mrs. L. T. Meade has worked out an original theme with distinct success. I am truly surprised, when I contemplate the list of this lady's books, at the amazing fertility of her invention. Not even Mr. Baring-Gould—who, by the way, tells me that he doubts if he will write any more novels—has achieved a greater tale of work than the industrious Mrs. Meade, although his name is generally quoted as that of the author with the greatest number of entries in the British Museum catalogue. Mrs Meade has written somewhere about two hundred novels, and, consequently, one can scarcely guess what the character of her next book may be. Stories of strong domestic interest, quiet in tone; stories that are frankly sensational; stories of religious interest; children's stories—indeed, all sorts of stories she produces with a remarkable facility which leaves even the quick journalist wondering how it's done. The secret in her case, I believe, is that to the fortunate possession of a very lively imagination, she adds the ability to dictate her fancies with ease and precision. Eight thousand words in one day is no unusual output for Mrs. Meade, and withal she is a bright and active housewife. Her lively disposition she inherits from her Irish parents, who at first took unkindly to her decision to earn her living as a writer of stories. Her first novel was published when she was only seventeen years of age, and she was quite a young woman, when, greatly daring, she left her Irish home and came to London determined to make her way in the literary world. "Mark my words, L. T. Meade will never make half-a-sovereign by her writings," was the cheering comment of a friend on her perilous project; but she came, struggled, and has long been among the successful, making many a half-sovereign by her nimble wit. In private life she is known as Mrs. Toulmin Smith, and is the mother of three children.

Poet-Novelists

One of the latest additions to the roll of our poet-novelists is Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, whose "Songs of the North" contain something of true poetic insight, as his novels display a genuine feeling for nature, though one cannot judge of his lyric gifts by his strong and virile prose. It is doubtful if the general reader realises the extent to which our popular novelists have courted the tuneful muse. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr. Israel Zangwill, Mr. Quiller-Couch, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, Miss Katharine Tynan, Mr. S. R. Crockett, Mr. Frankfort Moore, and many others, have published books of verse, as I indicated in my list of poets the other week.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Laying Out of a Private Course

My readers, I hope, will pardon me if I am more egotistical than usual this week, and will grant me their indulgent patience while I describe to them the laying out of my private course. I have a wider purpose to serve in doing this than the mere desire to air any small pride in what all those who have ever played over it consider a most ingenious course. I believe that by following out the system which I am about to describe, many owners of meadow land round their houses will be able to construct for themselves, at small expense and over a quite restricted area, private links which will enable them and their friends to enjoy many a round of most delightful golf. The plan which accompanies this article shows that on my course there are only five greens.

First Preparation

We proceeded, as is usual in such cases, to drive balls from various spots which we considered likely to make good teeing grounds. Having discovered the average distances of the various tee shots, we pegged out those spots as places where the

Sketch Plan of the Private Links at Ifield Lodge

The Lie of the Land

The total area of land over which the links are laid out is well within fourteen acres, and consists of two long narrow fields with a larger square one between them. One of these long narrow fields runs parallel from east to west with the southern base of the large square field, while the second long narrow field prolongs the large square field from the centre of its western side towards the west. The lower field is divided from the square one by a hedge and ditch, while the western promontory has a ditch and half-a-dozen high trees as a protecting line. Both the third and fourth holes have zerebas of small fir trees, about forty yards short of the green, as a protecting hazard, the other hazards on the course being the hedge and ditch already described, and the high trees, these latter really only coming in as hazards for tee shots or for the second or third shots in the two long holes, the eighth and sixteenth. It was late in the summer of 1899 that I took Jack Rowe, of Forest Rowe, into my counsels, and asked him to help me to lay out a course over my grounds.

course must be cut. We then settled on the position of five greens, as we found that one green would serve very well for two holes, viz., the fourth and sixth. The original intention was, then, to play those six holes three times over, and so get an eighteen-hole course of a sort I soon found, however, that playing these six holes over and over again would be very dull work, more especially as none of the holes were long, and some very short indeed. I mention all this preliminary matter, as I want to point out how important it is to live with a course for some time before definitely settling its features. Having played for some time over my original small course of six holes, it occurred to me one day that by playing from the first tee to the second hole, I should get a fine long seventh hole, and this idea led me on to the discovery of the best course which could be contrived out of the ground at my disposal.

The Private Links at Ifield Lodge

The view from the first tee

Consult the Plan

A careful consideration of the plan will show better what I mean than any amount of description. On the plan the tees are denoted by small squares, and the greens by little round black dots. The first six holes are plain sailing, the seventh is got, as I have said, by going from the first tee to the second green, the eighth by going from a tee placed beyond the second green to the far-away fifth green, this hole being nearly 500 yards long, and affording a fine field to the slashing driver both for his first and second shots. Then from a tee somewhat short of this fifth green we get a long ninth hole, by going to the first green. Then, instead of playing the second hole again, I have made a new tenth hole by putting a new tee wide to the right of the second tee, making the tenth hole about thirty yards longer than the second, and introducing a further variation by the different angle of approach.

Variant Tees

This policy of variant tees I have pursued in the case of the eleventh hole, which corresponds to the third, and here I have brought the tee thirty yards in to permit of the zereba guarding the green being carried by the long driver. In short, by this system of different tees I have reduced the repeat holes, viz., those that are played twice over, to only three, namely the fifth hole, which is the same as the thirteenth, the seventh, which is identical with the fifteenth, and the eighth, which corresponds to the sixteenth. But all these three holes are holes of good length, being respectively, 282, 321, and 467 yards long. The first and third greens are used twice, the second and fourth five times, and the fifth four times. Thus, out of this small area, I have managed to get a course of about 4,750 yards in length, with plenty of good long carries from the tees, and such an amount of variety in the holes, thanks to the different tees, that one never seems to suffer from that monotony which is so often felt on a six or nine-hole course, and this in spite of the fact that the putting is all done over five greens. My ground soon got into good golfing order as a consequence of continued cutting with a large horse-machine.

Final Hints

Anyone laying out a course on the lines of mine will soon discover what parts must be kept cut and rolled, and what left rough. It is best to begin on narrow lines, say fifty to seventy yards for the width of the cut part, while the greens should be begun on a small scale, and gradually widened and enlarged by mowing in course of time. The zerebas on the course are hazards, out of which one is not permitted to play, but the ball has to be lifted and dropped, while the zereba guarding the fourth green is ruled out as a hazard in the case of the tee shot at the ninth and seventeenth holes, any ball driven into it from the tee at these holes being lifted to the side without penalty, as the zereba is in the direct line of fire, and too far to be carried, but this only holds good for the tee shot, the zereba being a hazard for any succeeding shot. The bogey for my course is 74, the professional record being 71, and the amateur record 73. Such a course as this can only be laid out for private use as it is not possible for more than two singles or two foursomes to be played at the same time, but in these days of four-ball foursomes this difficulty need hardly make itself felt in the case of a private course for the use of its owner and a few friends.

Ernest Lehmann

The Private Links at Ifield Lodge

View from sixth tee, showing carry to sixth hole

Our Motoring Editor will be very pleased at any time to examine, and impartially report upon, any new inventions of a practical and useful nature in motor-car fittings or accessories which may be desired to be brought to the notice of our readers, and also to give advice as to the purchase of new or second-hand cars.

The advice given in these pages will be, it need perhaps hardly be mentioned, absolutely unbiased. The Motoring Editor is in a position of complete independence, and has no connection, in however remote a degree, with any firm of motor manufacturers.

Special arrangements have been made to set apart a portion of our advertising space for the insertion of particulars of vehicles for disposal, belonging to private owners, at reduced rates.

The Judges' Report

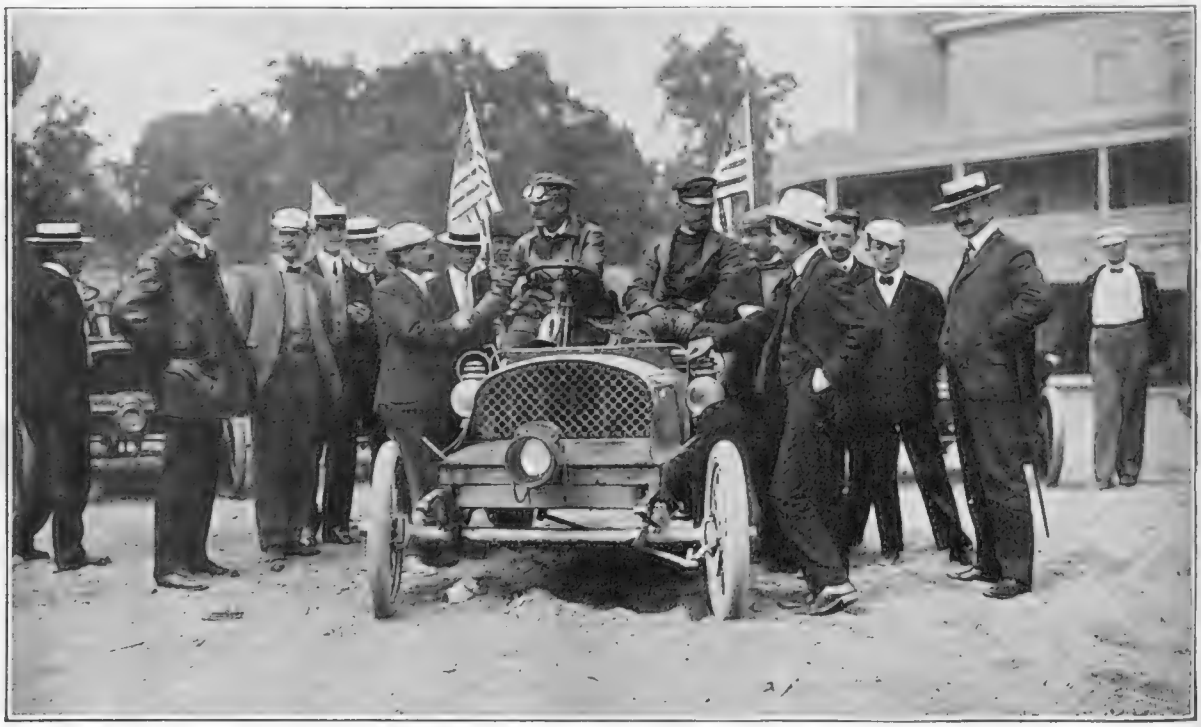
The Automobile Club has issued a comprehensive pamphlet in connection with the awards in the light car trials. They were an undoubted success. Out of thirty-eight entries thirty-five competitors started, and no less than twenty-six completed the 620 miles, amply demonstrating, beyond a doubt, the powers of the little two-seater. So interesting to an intending buyer are the results of the judges' painstaking work, that I make no apology for some further remarks upon these trials.

Breakdowns

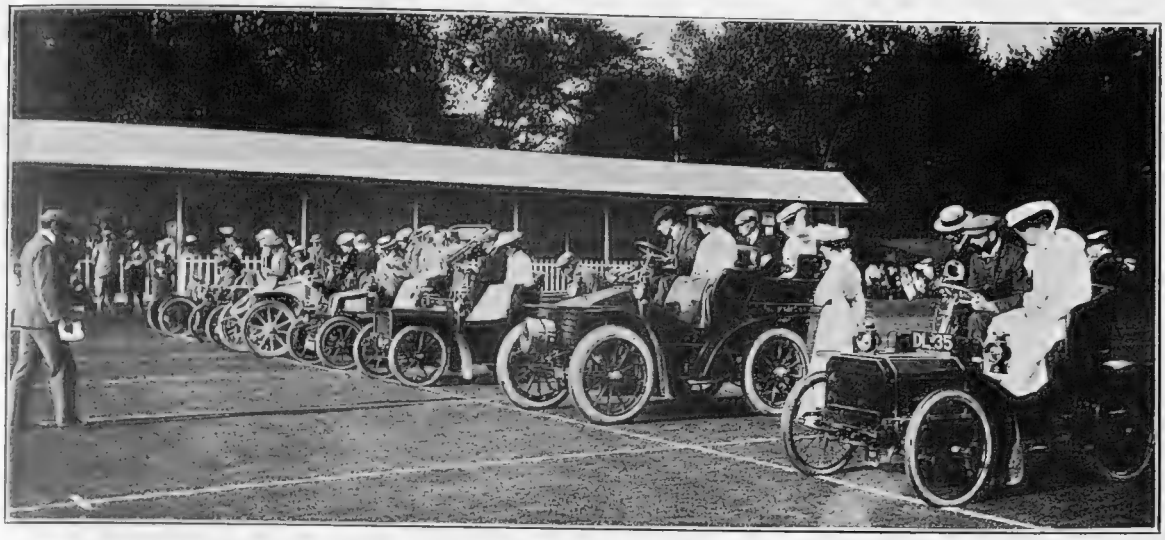
One of the most frequent causes of stoppage was defective junctions in pipework. Rubber connections on water pipes are often too short, and the edges of the pipe ends, aided by vibration, cut through the rubber. Petrol and oil pipes frequently broke off at the terminal collars or unions, owing to neglect to anneal after brazing, and to the vibration of long unsupported lengths of pipe. Slack-fitting, coarse-threaded unions, which came unscrewed, were numerous. Water pipes attached to tanks without a flange, and riveted as well as soldered, in several cases came adrift. The use of brass flanges on exhaust pipe connections caused trouble, and is to be condemned. The petrol tanks on some cars are inadequate for ordinary requirements, and a few are placed too low to feed the carburettor on steep hills. Such things as these are not serious, but may be the source of endless trouble to an inexperienced owner. Purchasers would do well to bear these remarks in mind when placing an order for their mount.

Ball Bearings

Breakdowns, as usual, are more instructive than successful performances, and, while I admire the pluck of the Rover designer in fitting ball bearings to the engine, the result is not surprising: a ball broke and stripped the pinions of the half-speed



Mr. W. Whitmans arriving at New York after making the record motor trip across the United States in thirty-three days



Start for the Tortoise Race for all cars—distance, 50 yards

This event was most amusing. Several cars in their endeavour to come in last and win the prize could not go slow enough without stopping and bumping forward to the delight of the spectators

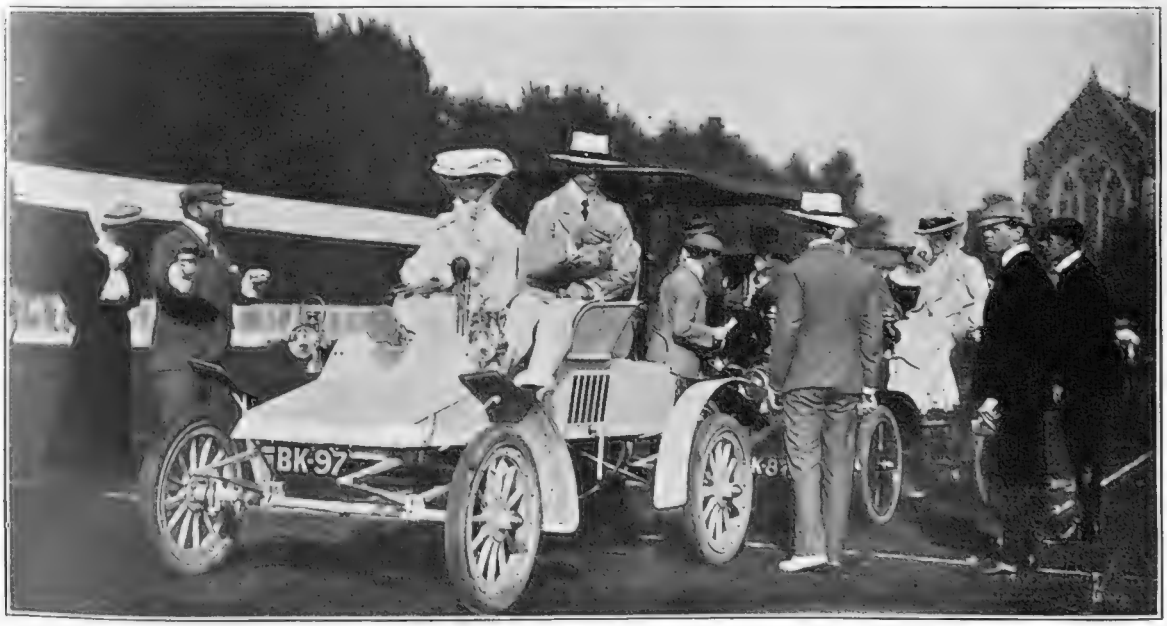
-aft, necessitating withdrawal. We all of us know from cycling experience the great value of a ball bearing for reducing friction. While leading firms such as Mercédès, Renault, and Martini, have used them successfully in their cars they have fought shy of introducing them into the engine, and I do not advise anyone to take the risk of purchasing a car whose designer departs from this recognised practice.

Deal with the Real Maker

A large number of cars appeared to be made up of almost identical parts, individually well designed, but roughly and somewhat flimsily assembled. This was particularly noticeable with regard to parts of tubular frames, live back-axles, gear-boxes, and engine connections. Several of the tubular frames were made with weak lugs carrying the underframe, and five of these lugs broke during the trials. The moral of this is obvious. Choose rather the actual designer and manufacturer of a complete car. Large wholesale French firms supply parts for the motor dealer to assemble as best he can. Cars put together in this way lack homogenity, and their cheapness is often a delusion.

Miles on a Gallon

Petrol consumption, which enters, as a rule, far too little into the calculation of a buyer, received attention during the trials. The 7 h.-p. Clyde heads the list, with a splendid average of 47·3 miles per gallon; while the 6 h.-p. Siddeley, 8 h.-p. Croxted, 8 h.-p. Brown, 7 h.-p. Swift, and 7 h.-p. Star, were all conspicuous for their economy, averaging over thirty miles on a gallon.



The Glass of Water Race for Voiturettes and four-seated cars

Some of the glasses arrived "home" almost filled; others had suffered bad "spills"

MOTOR EVENTS IN THE UNITED SERVICES GYMKHANA AT PORTSMOUTH

The Awards

The three gold medals awarded go to the Wolseley, Siddeley, and Swift, and I congratulate these three English firms on their success. When in doubt about the merits of a motor, I always advise a good hill test, and the cars made by these firms climbed splendidly. These types merit the attention of the man who can only afford one light car, and whose small car must be a good one. Also, too, would owners of large four-cylinder space devourers find such small cars useful as runabouts. Quick and handy, they are useful auxiliaries to a well-appointed garage. In conclusion, I must say that the severe conditions of such trials have a doubly good result. They educate the buyer, and necessitate the manufacturer taking more pains.

Daring the Atlantic

M. Henry Fournier has decided, so French rumour has it, to attempt to cross from Europe to the United States of America in a motor-boat. For the successful accomplishment of this little trip, M. Charley has offered a prize of £2,000. M. Fournier thinks of leaving Havre next May in a specially-built launch with Hotchkiss engines of 80 h.-p. He considers that certain types of motor-launches are fine seaworthy boats, and is sanguine enough to hope that, given fine weather, he will beat the Atlantic record. Heavy petroleum will be used, but the three thousand odd miles will necessitate carrying a lot of fuel. Fancy running out of spirit in mid-Atlantic. Could the mariner so desperately situated descry a Pratt A depôt; unlike the land motorist, he would not quarrel over an extra *1d.* a gallon for the precious fluid.

The United Services Gymkhana: The Turk's Head Competition

This competition was for motor bicycles. Competitors started singly, and each, provided with a single-stick, endeavoured to strike off the heads as he rode by. Commander Back, R.N., was the most successful, and Sub-Lieutenant Watson came second

Fire! Fire!!

The Leicester Corporation, keeping abreast of the times, have just acquired a motor fire-engine. Built by the Wolseley Motor-Car Company, it is fitted with a 24 h.-p. horizontal type of engine, which gives plenty of room above the chassis; the vehicle is geared to twenty-five miles an hour, and the driving wheels are specially reinforced with wire spokes to withstand severe side-strains. Now that a new type of fire-engine is being introduced, one may hope that a big bell or special horn with a distinctive note will be fitted. Firemen, at present, have to rely upon their lungs to clear the road. Such a method is too primitive for 1904.

Bobbies' Booby Traps

I renew my offer, and will place any motorist on THE BYSTANDER free list for twelve weeks, if he will send me prompt particulars of the regrettable incident, provided always that the trap has not already been mentioned in this paper. Consult my previous lists, and

FIRE LATE

On Hounslow Heath, running from Staines to London.
Just after Uxbridge, travelling from London.
Between Dunstable and Hockliffe, four miles from Hockliffe.
In the Birmingham suburbs.

NOTICE TO MOTORISTS

Owners of motor-cars, wishing to sell them, or readers wishing to obtain new or second-hand cars, can now advertise their requirements in these pages, for which we are reserving space.

The cost of these small Advertisements to our readers will be 1s. per line, with a minimum cost of five shillings. Advertisements, which must be prepaid, should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "The Bystander," Tallis Street, E.C.

FOOTBALL: THE 'SPURS BEAT PLYMOUTH ARGYLE BY 2—0

Plymouth Argyle clear from in front of their goal

match, which was a benefit for Hughes and Morris, two of the Tottenham half-backs, drew a crowd of nearly 20,000 people, and nearly £430 was taken in cash at the gates. Woodward scored the first goal for Tottenham

Stansfield scores the second goal for Tottenham

The game, although ending so much in favour of the Spurs, was stubbornly and evenly contested by both teams, Woodward, the Tottenham centre-forward, and Brearley, the Argyle half-back, shining brilliantly in their respective posts. Taken altogether, it was a magnificent game, and has resulted in a "bumping" benefit

Athletics: The South London Harriers at the Oval

The evergreen Shrubb wins the Two-Mile Handicap from scratch

The feature of this race was the plucky show made by the runner-up, D. F. McNicol, of the Thames Valley Harriers, who, starting at the 120 yards mark, stuck to the champion so gamely, that he was only beaten by six yards. A close scrutiny of our illustration will reveal the foot and hand of McNicol, who was so small as to have almost eluded our photographer. Winner's time, 9 min. 22 4-5 sec.

E. H. Montagu, winner of the Quarter-Mile Scratch Race, lying third

In this race Montagu laid low until in the straight, when he finished with a fine burst. A. E. Janes, Herne Hill Harriers, second. Winner's time, 51⅗ sec.

Photo by *Archer*

Two Oldsmobiles start out on a 3,000 miles tour

This tour is one of 100 miles per day for thirty days in the British Isles. A number of people witnessed the start in Great Marlborough Street, and Mr. Charles Jarrott, Mr. W. M. Letts, and several others, accompanied the Oldsmobiles as far as Hyde Park Corner, there being quite a procession of cars down Regent Street and Piccadilly. In this picture, the first car shown is the 9 h.-p. Oldsmobile, and the second the 7 h.-p. car of the same make. On the front of this latter car is a map which gives the route the cars are to follow

W. Lane, the well-known Jockey, who has met with a serious accident

Lane's unfortunate fall at Lingfield which has had such a serious outcome, occurred when the chief topic in the sporting world was his chance of bringing off another brilliant victory on Pretty Polly, this time at Longchamps, in the Prix du Conseil Municipal, October 9. At the time of going to press the bulletin on Lane's condition was rather more favourable than it has been latterly

Cub-Hunting with Mr. Fitzwilliam's

I.

II.

III.

I. The Huntsman (on white horse in centre), Whips, and Pack, all ready to set off to the Meet

II. Off to the Meet

III. On the way to draw the first covert

Hounds at Milton, near Peterborough

IV.

V.

VI.

IV. The lawn of Milton House. Mr. Fitzwilliam's residence on a hunting morning

V. Field settling down for a run

VI. W. Barnard, the huntsman, photographed while urging hounds in covert

The Eastbourne Tournament

THE CLOSE OF THE LAWN TENNIS SEASON

With the completion of the Eastbourne Tournament the Lawn Tennis season has drawn to a close. It has been the best on record, for not only has the list of tournaments extended greatly of late years, but the weather throughout this season has been consistently fine. Over a hundred open meetings have been held in Great Britain, and there has not been a week where some tournament has not been in full swing on the Continent. France, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, Sweden, and Russia, have all several first-class clubs, which are affiliated to our Lawn Tennis Association, and their tournaments invariably attract a good entry of English men and English women. There is not a Continental Championship of importance that is not being proudly worn by those of our nationality, and in this friendly rivalry, lawn tennis may be said to foster good feeling, which, though confined perhaps to the upper classes, generally speaking, on the Continent, is not without good results. Every year thousands of English and thousands of Continentals learn to understand and appreciate one another more.

Turning to the best-known names in the tennis world, the season has not greatly damaged reputations of the past. Miss Douglass, the Lady Champion, has never suffered defeat, and is far and away the best lady of the day. Miss Ethel Thomson, and Miss Wilson, perhaps, follow next in rotation, though both Mrs. Sterry and Mrs. Hillyard have yet to be reckoned with. Miss Stawell-Brown and Miss Boothby have improved in their play, and next year we shall expect to see them take a higher position. But all round the ladies' play is stronger and more scientific than used to be the case. Volleying and overhead service is becoming more and more practised.

Of the men, H. L. Doherty has, as usual, remained invincible. Frank Riseley, S. H. Smith, E. R. Allen, A. W. Gore, and Roper Barrett, have all kept their reputations if they have not greatly added to their laurels. M. J. G. Ritchie and H. S. Mahony have gone off somewhat, Mahony being exceptionally erratic. On the other hand, there is great promise in the younger ranks of players. A. F. Wilding succeeded in taking a set from Doherty at Newcastle, an achievement of which he is naturally proud. The next year's Light Blue President also gained the Championship of Scotland, and is already a player to be seriously reckoned with. W. C. Crawley, of Oxford, also improved his position, and may be placed in the higher ranks.

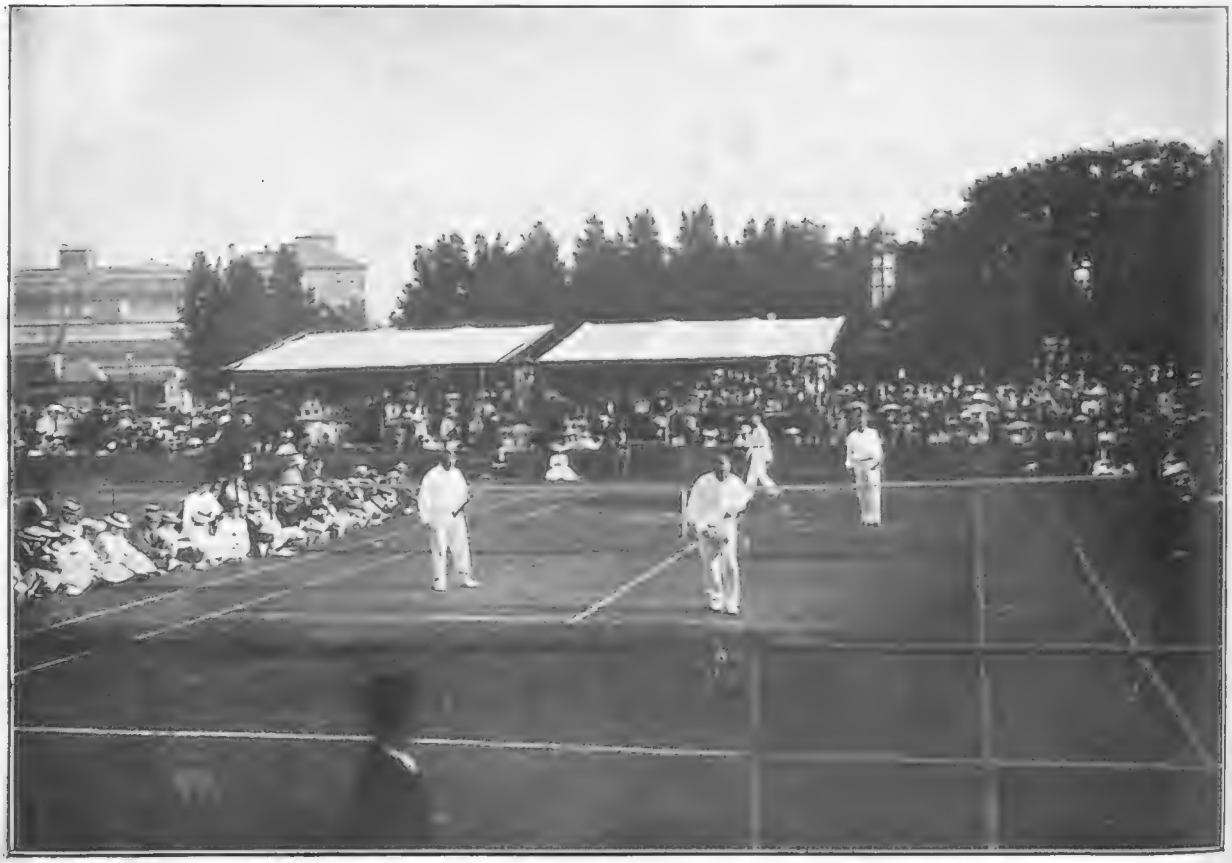
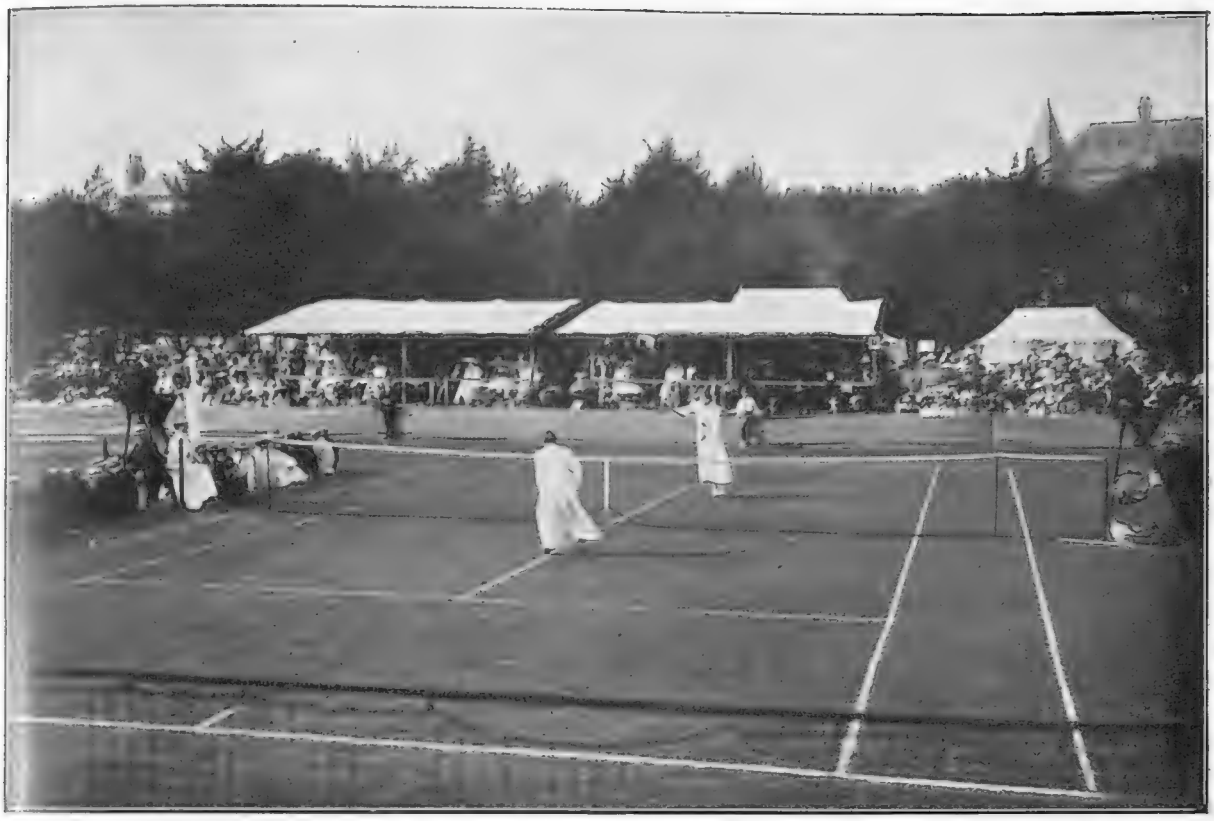


Photo by] **The Final for the Men's Open Doubles at Eastbourne** [*Lavis*

Hillyard and Smith beat the Allens after a terrific struggle, forty-five games being played. Scores: 7-9, 7-5, 6-2, 6-3



The Ladies' Finals at Eastbourne: Miss Douglass defeats Mrs. Sterry

Miss Douglass (the lady champion) and Mrs. Sterry are seen playing short volleys across the net. The lady champion is facing the camera. Score: 6-2, 6-4

Photo by *Lavis*

A Group of prominent Tennis Players at the Eastbourne Tournament

The closing tournament of the season brought a huge congress of spectators. In fact, the attendance at Eastbourne this year broke all records

The Connoisseur.

OLD JAPANESE COLOUR PRINTS.—II

Like that of most collectors, the pathway of those interested in the old colour prints of Japan is beset with pitfall and with gin. In the best and earliest days predestination began to enmesh the subject with wholly unnecessary difficulties. For instance, the practice of the craft was for the master to give his name to his favourite pupils, and these and others used it and abused it with the fullest freedom. Sons followed in their fathers' works, and many artists, like the Hiroshige I., II., and III., have made confusion worse confounded by forgetting their numeral qualification. In our day, too, the forgeries of the work of the masters is an extensive commercial undertaking, and for the neophyte in the art of harvesting old colour prints many very engaging nets are laid and a great variety of traps baited. As in most other applied arts, the soundest preparation for fighting the kindly dealers who offer such excellent imitations for our use is to study undoubted originals, and thus familiarise the senses with the leading qualities of this class of work. Such reproductions as can be given in black-and-white are, of course, utterly valueless for this purpose of study, but at least something of the style of the artist may be gained from them. The first we give is after the elder Hiroshige, whose "Sunset" we reproduced from Mr. Strange's book, in our last issue. This print, now the property of Mr. H. M. Paull, the dramatist, was bought from the collection of the late Dr. Hart, and was dated by him 1840. Mr. Strange says, that early in life, Hiroshige tried the theatrical style of work, at that time at the height of its popularity, but failing in this direction he removed to Kyōto, where he published a set of views of the old capital of the Mikado. He adds that after this success he drew no more pictures of actors or women, and therefore the present example must be an early work, perhaps incorrectly attributed to 1840, as the artist died in 1858. His particular school of work flourished immensely, and the pupils who took his name and so much of his manner, carried on the light of this fine artist with perfect distinction and success, but only for a season. The manner of Hiroshige

Print after the First Hiroshige, about 1840. "Portrait of Meigai"
Above and to the left of the picture is a portrait of her lover.
(From the Collection of H. M. Paull, Esq.

rapidly grew in favour and passed as quickly. The next illustration is after a well-known print by Kunisada, the pupil of the first Toyokuni, whose name he eventually used until his death in 1864. The subject of actor as warrior in drama is highly characteristic of this branch of Japanese art, for, although both actors and their theatres were tabooed in the last century in Japan, their art was enjoyed to the fullest extent, and the popular drawings of them sold to a vast extent. Kunisada belonged to the early days of the decline of the art of colour printing, but his work still retains many of the fine qualities of that which went before. At the present time the old art and the old methods have passed away, but the new styles are good, too. The lowest point in colour printing is said to have been reached about 1870 to 1880. Some fourteen years ago a modern style arose, and this has been developed with many fine results. But the best days, we may take it, are over. Europe has smirched the land of the Rising Sun with her aniline hand, and the old colours will never be used again.

All passes. Art alone
Enduring, stays to us;
The Bust outlasts the Throne—
The Coin, Tiberius.

And the graceful, decorative work of many a modest eighteenth century colour print designer of Japan will long survive the originator's name and fame, and delight generations of artists years after the land of its birth has been civilised and westernised out of touch with the divine spirit of beauty it has known and loved so long. E. M.

Print after Kunisada of a Popular Actor in the part of a Warrior, also about 1840

(From the Collection of H. M. Paull, Esq.)

The Menu

A LITTLE DINNER FOR EIGHT PERSONS

Oyster Soup
Soles aux Marselles
ENTRÉE
Blanquette de Veau
Roast Saddle of Mutton
Partridges. Potato Chips
SWEET
Apples à la Portugaise
SAVOURY
Olives with Anchovies

OYSTER SOUP

The stock for this soup should be made the day before it is wanted, and any nice fresh fish can be used, with the addition of an onion and a few herbs. Then take three dozen oysters, beard them, and let the beards boil in the stock for more than a quarter of an hour. Have ready the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs and pound them with 1 oz. of fresh butter and a little white pepper and salt. Sprinkle over all a little anchovy sauce and lemon juice, and after straining the stock add the pounded eggs and oyster liquor. The soup must be put in a clean stewpan, the oysters added and cooked slowly until it is thick and smooth. It can be thickened with butter and flour before adding the oysters. Chopped parsley should be sprinkled over the soup after it is in the tureen, and very small dice of fried bread served with it.

SOLES AUX MARSELLES

Skin two soles, trim off fins and remove the heads, score the fish across, season with salt and coraline pepper and a little lemon juice, put them in a buttered fireproof dish, and cover with buttered paper. Bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. Take them up and pour a cheese-cream sauce over them, and brown the fish with a salamander.

CHEESE SAUCE.—Six ounces of grated cheese, six tablespoonfuls of cream, and a very little mustard. Melt together until smooth and creamy.

BLANQUETTE DE VEAU

Take 2 lbs. of lean veal, free it from skin and fat. Melt ¼ lb. of butter in a stewpan; put in an onion cut into small pieces. Then add the meat, season with pepper and celery salt, and fry gently for ten minutes, taking care that the meat does not brown. Remove the meat to a hot plate, and add to the contents of the pan a pint of cold water. Thicken the sauce with two tablespoonfuls of flour, mixed with a little cold water, and when the sauce has boiled for five minutes replace the meat, cover the pan closely and put in a casserole dish in the oven for two hours. Turn the veal once during that time, and when it is cooked, if the gravy is too thick, add a little more water. Cut up the meat into small squares, and keep hot in the oven while the sauce is finished. Let this boil up, and add the yolk of an egg (stirring all the time) which has been beaten up with a dessertspoonful of lemon juice. Take the pan from the fire, strain the sauce over, and sprinkle with powdered parsley. Serve with a purée of tomatoes round the dish.

APPLES À LA PORTUGAISE

Choose twelve apples, not too large, and all of one size. Peel them and remove the core. Stew gently in syrup until tender, but not broken. Leave till cold. Place in a glass or silver dish, strain and then colour the syrup pink, and fill the hollow in each apple with red currant jelly, melted sufficiently to be poured in. For the syrup use a breakfast cupful of sugar, and the same of water, the juice of one lemon, and the peel of half.

OLIVES WITH ANCHOVIES

Take some Spanish olives and stone them; wash and fillet four anchovies and mince them finely; also a quarter of a teaspoonful of minced onion, a little chopped parsley, and a grain of red pepper. Put this preparation inside each olive in place of the stone, put them on fried croûtons, and serve with mayonnaise sauce. EMILIA.

Week-ends and Holidays

London is now beginning to show signs of the return of its holiday-makers. A fortnight ago Regent Street and Bond Street seemed quite deserted, except for the country cousin, but now the pavements are much more crowded, and the autumn season is beginning to show some signs of liveliness. I was at Liberty's the other day, inspecting their splendid stock of floral flannels, and found the shop crowded with eager patrons. The week-ends, however, especially when we have such glorious weather as blessed this isle last week, take a great number of people out of town. The big termini are crowded with holiday-makers, and owners of motor-cars soon leave the dust of the city behind them; often plentifully besprinkling those on the way with a portion of it.

Motors in the Parks

Talking of motors reminds me that the other day I was in a car being driven through Hyde Park—which I must confess seemed very deserted, except for the ubiquitous weary Willies—and we saw an unfortunate motorist caught in a police trap. It seemed very unfair, because he was driving carefully, and certainly not with excessive speed I have since learnt that the unfortunate victim was Mr. Charles Jarrott, who, it will be remembered, married Lady Rosslyn about a year ago, and who is quite the foremost motorist in England. I see he has written to THE BYSTANDER to warn others of this trap, and suppose that the next thing we shall hear is that he has been fined £5 for driving to the public danger. Motor-cars are often a nuisance to the public, but at the same time they are entitled to justice, and I feel quite sure that the police in many instances exceed their duty, because, instead of trying to single out real offenders for punishment, they deliberately try to catch motorists who are doing no harm, but whose conviction gives them kudos and incidentally adds grist to the mill.

The Glamour of the Footlights

The suicide of the young actress who was known as Mabel Oakley is very sad, and yet this poor girl's case is similar to many hundreds of others. The glamour of appearing behind the footlights has always had, and probably will continue to have, great fascination for young women, who perhaps, with no remarkable talent and without influence, imagine they will burst upon the constellation of London life, another star of the first magnitude. Then they find that the world does not place their value so high as they imagined, they cannot obtain the opportunity they dreamed of, and at length the cold hard fact is brought home to them that they are not wanted. Many such girls, brought up, perhaps, in refined households, are too proud to let their friends and relations know of their predicament, and thus they almost starve. For one girl who gets good employment at the theatres, there are a score who cannot obtain work. The stage, indeed is like a "Will o' the Wisp." It lures its unfortunate victim to destruction, who, only when too late, realises the unreality of its seeming brightness.

A Charming Collection

It is wonderful to what a state of perfection the art of photography has been brought. It is only necessary to pay a visit to the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, now being held at the New Gallery, Regent Street, to realise the truth of this statement. Amidst the collection on view there are the most charming studies, and it seems strange to think that some benighted people should still prefer to adorn their walls with ordinary second-rate every-day pictures, when the camera can provide them with such perfect reproductions of nature at even less cost. And, after all, what one wants in pictures is the real thing, something genuine and true to nature, and a great many people, who cannot afford to give a very high price for their works of art, and who, besides this, are perhaps not *connoisseurs* in their choice, would be wise indeed if they turned their attention to photographic studies for the decoration of their homes.

Artistic Pictures for the Home

There are some dainty pictures in the pictorial section of the Society's Exhibition that I should strongly advise any girl who is thinking about furnishing to take a look at. There is one in particular that took my fancy, entitled, "Sale Tempo." It represents a wet, misty road, stretching far into the distance, along which are struggling three or four figures with their backs turned to you and umbrellas held before their faces. It is a triumph of the camera, and it is difficult to realise it is actually a photo. You can almost feel the rain and mist drifting in your face, and hear the wind whistling through the trees, and it makes you realise the sort of dogged patience that the weary travellers must be enduring as they face the long stretch of dreary, wet road. And the fact that it is all real and not a figment of the imagination only adds to its fascination, in my opinion. Another charming study was, "Sunlight," absolutely simple—only an open cottage door with sunlight streaming in—but the effect was instantaneous, for the sunbeams were real. I might continue this list indefinitely, considering that the New Gallery contains throughout pictures which are not only thoroughly artistic, but have the additional merit of being taken from actual life; but I quite expect that a goodly number of visitors will patronise this unique Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, and see for themselves the treasures contained there. LADY PHYLLIS.

The Bystander, September 28, 1904

THE
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ILLUSTRATED

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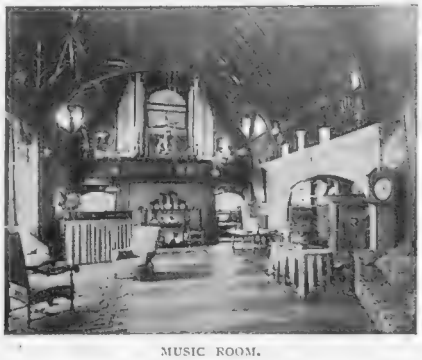

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WIMBLEDON COMMON.—The specially well-built and luxuriously-appointed FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, known as "Grange Cottage," Wimbledon Common: 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, 2 baths, ground floor offices; charming garden, fives court, and site for motor-house. Total frontage to one of the most favoured roads in the district of about 150ft. Road charges paid. For SALE by Private Treaty.—Particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W., and High Street, Wimbledon Common.

CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED COTTAGE RESIDENCE.

BUCKS (near Henley-on-Thames).—To be LET on Lease, at a low rent, the old-fashioned RESIDENCE, situate 1 mile from the river. The accommodation comprises: vestibule hall, dining and drawing rooms (each about 21ft. by 15ft.), morning room, servants' hall, kitchen, and usual offices, 9 bedrooms, dressing and bathrooms (h. and c. water); stabling for 3 horses, 2 coach-houses, harness room, outbuildings, and coachman's 6-roomed cottage. The pretty grounds, of 3 acres, which are intersected by a trout stream, are laid out in tennis and other lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, shrubbery, and paddock.—For further particulars, apply HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

REQUIRED TO RENT OR PURCHASE, within 2 hours of Town, a thoroughly well-appointed COUNTRY RESIDENCE, with 50 to 100 acres; 16 bedrooms, square hall, and billiard room essential. High ground and dry soil. Gas or electric light. Good figure for suitable place.—Write "E. B.," c/o HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

WITHIN A DRIVE OF THE CITY OF HEREFORD.

THIS extremely interesting and picturesque old MANOR HOUSE, together with the excellent shooting over the Estate of 1,100 acres (more could be had) and 2 miles of trout fishing, to be LET, partially Furnished. It stands on gravel and sand, in beautiful though inexpensive grounds, with a carriage drive, and contains: 4 reception rooms, gunroom, about 13 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.); ample offices, laundry and dairy; stabling for 12, farmery, 3 cottages, large walled kitchen garden, vinery, wilderness, and 56 acres of excellent pasture. Hunting with two packs. Close to village with church and telegraph office.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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ESTATE AGENTS — BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. — AUCTIONEERS

PRICE, £1,100.

KENT (near Ramsgate).—To be SOLD, at a great sacrifice to an immediate purchaser, a very pretty old-fashioned COTTAGE RESIDENCE, on high ground, with magnificent views of the French coast. It contains: hall, 3 reception, 4 bedrooms, kitchen and good offices; also large studio and laundry, stabling, cart-shed, piggeries, fowl-houses, etc.; flower garden, orchard, kitchen garden, paddock, etc. Also THREE COTTAGES, well let, producing £31 12s. per annum. The whole property about 2 acres in extent. Price, £1,100.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SURREY HILLS (within 45 minutes of Town).—To be SOLD, this beautifully-placed RESIDENCE, standing in its own pretty, well-timbered grounds of five acres. It stands some 600ft. above level, and contains: hall, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, excellent domestic offices, stabling for 2 horses, cowsheds, piggeries, man's rooms. Also well-built LODGE, containing 5 rooms. Additional 5 or 6 acres of good land may be purchased if desired, and an additional 35 acres could be rented. Price, £3,500.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as (U 1,406)

UPPER NORWOOD.—To be LET, Furnished, from the end of October, for 5 or 6 months, a beautifully-furnished Detached RESIDENCE, fully done up. It contains: 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and excellent domestic offices; nice garden; electric light. Rent, 4 to 5gs. per week.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,453)

TOWN HOUSES

HARRODS (Ltd.) are the appointed Agents for all the principal Residences on the Belgravia and Cadogan Estates, and in the Kensington District, and have also many of those available in Mayfair and Hyde Park. A selected List will be forwarded on receipt of requirements.

VERY CENTRALLY SITUATED.

REGENT'S PARK.—A charmingly-arranged BIJOU RESIDENCE to be SOLD. The accommodation comprises: 4 bedrooms, 3 pleasant reception rooms, bathroom, conservatory, and good domestic offices. Ground Rent, £12 10s. Lease, 18½ years. Price, only £850.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BIJOU TOWN RESIDENCE.

BELGRAVE SQUARE (just out of).—A BIJOU RESIDENCE to be LET, Unfurnished, with the following accommodation: 6 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, and good offices. Rent, £150 per annum; small premium.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

OPPOSITE ORNAMENTAL GARDENS.

SOUTH KENSINGTON.—Nicely Furnished HOUSE to be LET at once, comprising: 3 bedrooms, 3 pleasant reception rooms, bathroom, and good domestic offices; electric light. Rent, 3½ gns. per week.—Apply to HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

FLATS

HARRODS (Ltd.) are the Sole Agents for many of the principal blocks of FLATS in the Belgravia and Cadogan Estates. Rents from £70 to £700 per annum and also furnished from 3gs. to 30gs. per week. A carefully selected List will be sent on receipt of requirements.

WITHIN A FEW YARDS OF WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

ASHLEY PLACE.—Well-arranged first-floor FLAT to be LET, Unfurnished, containing: 3 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, bathroom, and good domestic offices. Lift and electric light. Rent, £160 per annum, or would be let Furnished.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

RENT, £95.

SUSSEX (near East Grinstead).—To be LET, Unfurnished, a most conveniently and pleasantly situated COTTAGE RESIDENCE, standing in its own grounds of about 3 acres, with 2 tennis lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, and paddock. It contains: 3 reception rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms, attic, bathroom, hot and cold supplies, and usual domestic offices; stabling for 2 horses, and coach-house, outbuildings, etc. Rent, £95 per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,438)

HANTS (Winchester District).—To be SOLD, this charming old RESIDENCE, situated in one of the prettiest parts of the country, about 200ft. above sea level, and standing in its own well-timbered grounds, with paddock, and land adjoining, in all about 39 acres. The House contains: 3 reception rooms, servants' hall, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, hot and cold supplies, and usual domestic offices; stabling for 4 horses, man's room, and outbuildings.—Price and further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

AT A NOMINAL RENT.

SURREY (Horley).—To be LET, Furnished, at a nominal rent for the Winter months, a delightful old-fashioned RESIDENCE, in a charming spot in this favourite district; the House is approached by a carriage drive with lodge entrance, and standing in well laid-out grounds of about 4 acres; the accommodation comprises: 4 reception, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall and offices; stabling for 3 horses, etc.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 1,371)

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ESTATE AGENTS — AUCTIONEERS — VALUERS

OAK-PANELLED COTTAGE RESIDENCE.

RENT, £125 PER ANNUM. NO PREMIUM.

ONE HOUR SOUTH (Main Line).—To be LET, a picturesque RESIDENCE on gravel soil in a magnificent position, and containing: hall about 18ft. square, drawing and dining rooms, conservatory, kitchens, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; 3½ acres of pasture, orchard, kitchen garden, and plantation; lodge and cottage.—Full particulars of OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

RENT, £162 10s. PER ANNUM.

WOOLMER and TWYFORD.—To be LET, Unfurnished or Furnished, a charming RESIDENCE, standing high on gravel soil, near church and station, 2 miles from R.C.C. and station. It is held on an easy lease at this moderate rental, and contains: 4 excellent reception rooms, servants' hall, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc. Ample stabling and first-rate cottage. Delightfully-timbered pleasure grounds, extensive lawns, fruit and kitchen gardens, and orchard.—Strongly recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

HINDHEAD.—To be SOLD, a singularly beautiful Freehold RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of about 7½ acres or more, occupying a magnificent position 800ft. above sea level, in the most charming part of this unrivalled district, and comprising well-designed Elizabethan Residence, containing: 9 bedrooms, 3 dressing rooms, bathroom, entrance hall, noble panelled music room, 36ft. 10in. by 26ft. 10in., with picturesque gallery and inglenook, very pretty drawing and dining rooms, etc.; stabling; lovely pleasure grounds, lavishly planted with conifers and rhododendrons, richly-wooded slopes with undulating paths, a long sheltered rose terrace walk, tennis lawn encircled by fine plantations, etc.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

IDEAL RESIDENCE, PARK. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

THE ABOVE MAGNIFICENT RESIDENCE for SALE at a considerably reduced price. It stands in a very high position on gravel and sand, and contains: 5 splendid reception rooms, 16 bedrooms, bathroom, and full domestic offices. The Estate extends to nearly 50 acres of beautifully-wooded park, with delightful pleasure grounds. Stabling and outbuildings. Conveniently near station; and 1½ hours' rail from town.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

SUSSEX DOWNS.
SHOOTING CAN BE RENTED.

£2,000.—A capital RESIDENCE, in an extremely healthy locality, 400ft. above sea level, with 8 acres of grounds and meadow land. Contains: 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, and the usual domestic offices. Stabling for 4 horses, piggeries, etc. Good gardens and excellent tennis court. 4 miles from station, easy drive of Goodwood.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

£1,100. IN THE PINE DISTRICT.—In a fine open district, on the borders of Berks and Surrey, conveniently near station, standing well back from road, and containing: 7 bedrooms, dressing and bathrooms, boxroom, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, and offices. Capital pleasure and kitchen gardens, lawn, etc. Stabling, coach-house, and room.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

JACOBEAN RESIDENCE.
700 FT. ABOVE SEA. 14 ACRES.

£5,000.—A charming historical RESIDENCE, in excellent order, in a beautiful position on the borders of Kent and Surrey, under 4 miles from 2 stations. Grounds comprise: large lawn, flower and kitchen garden, fine avenue of old trees, paddocks, glasshouses, etc. Contains: 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, boxroom, etc.; ample stabling. Near church, telegraph, and post.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

SANDY SOIL. CHARMING SITUATION. HAMPSHIRE.

£2,000, FREEHOLD, or would be LET, Furnished, picturesque HOUSE, 5 miles from station and 4 from Hindhead. Contains: 3 large sitting rooms, large studio, 7 or 8 bedrooms, kitchen, etc.; stabling for 2 horses, and large outbuildings; church and post-office under 1 mile; good social district; 2 acres of garden, tennis court, kitchen garden, large greenhouse; grass land adjoining could be Rented or Purchased.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

£4,000.—In the delightful neighbourhood of Cobham. An exceptionally well-built RESIDENCE and nearly 3 acres; open fireplaces, inglenook, and beamed ceilings; good reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bath, and offices.—Recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

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FIRST-RATE SPORTING ESTATE.
INEXPENSIVE TO MAINTAIN.
SHOOTING, FISHING, HUNTING, AND GOLF.

TO BE SOLD, in a favourite county, 2 hours from Town, a fine SPORTING PROPERTY of about 3,000 acres, in a ring fence, including 500 acres of covert. The House is in perfect order, with electric light installed, and has just been re-decorated throughout. Inspected by Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. Photo and plan at offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT EVERY IMAGINABLE CONVENIENCE.
40 MINUTES FROM TOWN.
Golf. Fishing. Shooting. Hunting.
Dower House, Gardener's House, Cottages, etc.

40 MINUTES OF TOWN.—To be SOLD, the above MANSION, which is one of the finest examples of our modern Gothic architecture, and stands high on dry soil. It was erected from designs by an eminent architect at a cost of over £100,000, and is now in perfect order and newly decorated throughout. It contains: lounge hall 60ft. by 30ft., oak panelled, with gallery, 3 Louis XV. drawing rooms, billiard room 35ft. by 24ft., oak-panelled dining room 37ft. by 23ft., opening into winter garden 70ft. in length, library, studio, business room, boudoir 35ft. by 20ft., 23 bed and dressing rooms, etc. Exceptionally well-built and extensive stabling, with coachman's cottage. Beautiful gardens and grounds, and park land, the whole extending to about 80 acres, although more land could be had if desired.—Illustrated particulars can be had of the Sole Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. Strongly recommended. (2,062)

FIRST-RATE SHOOTING TO LET.—8,000 acres; 1¼ hours of town; 4,000 pheasants, 500 brace partridges.—Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

12 BEDROOMS, BILLIARD ROOM, LODGE, AND COTTAGE.

KENT (Hawkhurst district). 1¾ hours from town.—To be LET, or SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, in a beautiful position on high ground: 4 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, billiard room. Gas and water. Stabling. 13 acres of lovely grounds. Rent, £180 per annum. Price on application.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,598)

WITHIN EASY REACH OF SEA. TWO HOURS OF TOWN. PARK OF 150 ACRES.

TO BE LET, Furnished by the year, the above ELIZABETHAN MANSION, built about 30 years ago, and containing: entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 25 bed and dressing rooms, bath-room, etc.; usual domestic offices; stabling for 7. Beautiful pleasure grounds of 7 acres, shooting over 3,000 acres (200 acres of woods). Hunting and golf within easy reach.—Photographs and full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 583)

THE LARGE AUCTION GALLERY.

AUCTION GALLERIES.—The attention of Trustees, Executors, Solicitors, and Owners desirous of selling Family Jewels and Plate, Pictures, Prints, Lace, Furniture, and Valuables is drawn to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY'S

THREE AUCTION GALLERIES,

which are open daily throughout the year for receipt of property intended for prompt public Sale.

SALES

on owners' premises in all parts of the kingdom arranged at shortest notice.

AT A SACRIFICE.

£7,500 WILL BUY a Compact SPORTING ESTATE which has cost, within the last two years, over £12,000. It is situate in Sussex, in a beautiful part of the county, on the borders of Surrey, and comprises a pleasure farm of 166 acres, mostly grass, with a charming old Residence, which has been modernised and brought up to date; electric light, modern sanitary arrangements; 4 reception rooms, 15 bedrooms, bath; stabling and farm buildings, well-timbered pleasure grounds, secondary residence, 4 cottages, etc.—Further particulars, photographs, and plan, of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, who have inspected the property, and can thoroughly recommend it. (2,600)

6,500 ACRES SHOOTING. Good hunting.—Two hours from London; in a favourite part of Wilts. This fine old Family MANSION to be LET, Furnished, by the season or year, with shooting over 4,500 or 6,500 acres. The House is secluded and seated in a well-timbered park of 200 acres, and contains: a noble suite of reception rooms, billiard room, and 35 bed and dressing rooms; there is stabling for 20 horses, and the beautifully-timbered gardens and grounds are exceptionally attractive. Good hunting with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds. (F 55)

SMALL SPORTING AND RESIDENTIAL ESTATE.

SUSSEX (1½ miles from 2 stations and villages).—To be SOLD, a compact FREEHOLD PROPERTY of 80 acres (mostly grass), with pretty RESIDENCE, approached by a carriage drive, and commanding superb views; south aspect; 7 bedrooms, bath, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 2 conservatories, etc.; good drainage, stabling and farmery, cottage, charming pleasure grounds on south slope. Good shooting. Trout stream. Excellent hunting. Gravel subsoil. Price, only £3,000.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,457)

STOKE POGES. BURNHAM BEECHES.

CLOSE to Great Western Motor Service. Nicely-timbered FREEHOLD LAND for investment or occupation.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

IN A FAVOURITE RESIDENTIAL PART OF KENT.

TO BE SOLD, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, surmounted by a clock tower, situate on the verge of a village green, and surrounded by beautifully-timbered pleasure grounds and park land of about 35 acres; 3 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 4, farmery, and 6 cottages. Price, £6,000.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,248)

ON G.W.R.

On the outskirts of a small country town.
1 mile from a station; 25 minutes from London.

TO BE LET OR SOLD, a splendidly-built modern RESIDENCE, of pleasing design, and standing on gravel soil. Accommodation: drawing room (25ft. by 17ft.), dining room (19ft. by 17ft.), morning room (17ft. by 15ft.), study, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc. Stabling for 5. 2 acres of grounds. Price, £3,800. Rent, £175.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,726)

THIS pretty Freehold RESIDENCE, situate in an open and healthy district, 35 minutes from London, and standing in ornamental grounds of 4 acres, to be SOLD. Billiard room, 2 reception rooms, conservatory, 6 bedrooms, bath, etc. Motor-house, greenhouse, rustic summer-houses, etc. South aspect. Gravel subsoil. Price, £3,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,624)

DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY PLACE IN SUSSEX.

£2,500 for a Charming RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of about 20 acres, with well-built House ready for immediate occupation. Beautiful views. 3 reception and 5 bedrooms, bath, etc. Stabling and farmery. Lawns, gardens, and excellent pasture. Would be sold with less land. Specially recommended.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,626)

GOOD HUNTING DISTRICT.
12 MILES FROM BATH.

GENTLEMAN'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing high in beautiful grounds of 3 acres, 4 reception and 8 bedrooms; conservatory; pretty verandah; stabling for 10. Trout fishing and shooting. Quarter mile from a station. Price, £2,900. Rent, £120 per annum.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,562)

TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES VICTORIA OR LONDON BRIDGE. Rural district.—Detached RESIDENCE: 3 reception, 5 bed, bath; standing in 2 acres of nice old matured grounds. Stabling. Price, £2,500; less land, £1,400.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (2,577)

30 MINUTES NORTH OF LONDON.

HERTS.—To be SOLD, Freehold, or LET Unfurnished, the above attractive RESIDENCE, standing in pleasure gardens and meadow land of 13 acres. Accommodation: halls, 5 reception rooms, including billiard room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, and ample domestic offices; modern stabling for 4 horses; 2 lodges; 2 cottages and farmery; well-timbered and matured gardens, range of glasshouses, and 5 paddocks; gas and Company's water laid on; subsoil, sand and gravel.—Full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,509)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

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MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

IO, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

HANTS AND SURREY BORDERS.—£1,950 will purchase a charming BIJOU RESIDENCE and 3 acres in the beautiful Liphook and Hindhead district, 2 miles from station: 5 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, old-fashioned chimney corner, oak beams, large hall, stabling, gardens, and meadow (more land if required); fine views over a lovely country.—WALTON and LEE, 10 Mount Street, W. (19,635)

KENT (Edenbridge, under 1 hour from London, close to S.E. Railway station, 1 mile from Brighton line).—A compact BIJOU RESIDENTIAL ESTATE for SALE, of about 24 acres, with excellent Residence; grounds and a small well-timbered park in 3 enclosures; stabling for 4, coach-house, small farmery, and 2 cottages; picturesque matured grounds and garden, superb views; bounded on 3 sides by important roads.—Apply WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,588)

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND EASTBOURNE (between).

THE ABOVE CHARMING HOUSE, delightfully positioned on high ground in beautiful part of Sussex, for SALE with 17 acres lovely grounds, stabling, cottage, and entrance [illegible]. Magnificent views extending to the Pannel. Considerably reduced price. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,061)

ON THE RIVER DART.—To be LET, Furnished, at a moderate rent, either for the Autumn or Winter months, or by the year, a well-furnished country MANSION, standing high in charming grounds, with carriage drive approach: 15 bed and dressing rooms, suite of large and handsome reception rooms, organ hall; stabling for 6 horses; beautifully laid-out grounds, lawns, shrubberies, Italian garden, kitchen garden, etc. Use of boats and boathouse. 2 miles from station, 8 miles from Torquay.—Inspected by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,742)

4 PER CENT. INVESTMENT (nearly) to be secured by the purchase of a valuable FREEHOLD [illegible] of about 400 acres, situate in [illegible] England, well suited and now [illegible] the purpose of stock breeding. The property includes a fine old Manor House (with [illegible] commodation for a good-sized family), [illegible] ith extensive and superior buildings. [illegible] varied shooting is afforded by the [illegible] The property is let on Lease at a rent yields approximately 4 per cent. on the [illegible] ked. No outgoings.—WALTON AND LEE, [illegible] nt Street, W. (17,404)

SURREY (in a very lovely and favourite district near East Grinstead).—A charming little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY to be SOLD. The Residence (see view above), standing in remarkably pretty grounds, gardens, orchards, etc., is approached by a carriage drive, with lodge at entrance; contains: 2 halls, 3 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms (one suited as billiard room), bathroom, and good domestic offices; stabling for 6, coach-houses, man's rooms, etc. Low price to ensure early sale.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,832)

IN THE CENTRE OF THE QUORN HUNT.

9 MILES FROM LEICESTER, 6 miles from Melton Mowbray, and close to Brooksby station on the Midland line between Peterborough and Syston.

ANNOUNCEMENT of SALE of the very valuable Freehold Residential and Manorial Property, known as "BROOKSBY HALL," and comprising an area of upwards of 838 acres. It includes the historical mansion house, delightfully seated in extensive and well-arranged pleasure grounds, surrounded by a grandly-timbered park, and containing 5 spacious reception rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, and most commodious offices; stabling for 17 horses, small home farmstead with bailiff's house, and all the appurtenances of a first-class county seat. The agricultural portion of the estate comprises some of the best and most productive land in the Midlands, and is divided into 4 first-class farms, and numerous accommodation holdings. The advowson and next perpetual right of presentation to the Rectory of St. Michaels, Brooksby, is included in the sale.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE will offer the above for SALE by Auction at the "BELL HOTEL," Leicester, on Saturday, October 15th, 1904, at 2 o'clock precisely, first as a whole, and if not so sold then in 7 lots (unless an acceptable offer be made meanwhile privately).—Particulars of A. W. VAISEY, Esq., Solicitor, Tring, and Devereux Chambers, Temple, London, W.C.; Messrs. BROWN and FOULKES, Land Agents, Tring; or of the AUCTIONEERS, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

WILTS (in a beautiful district, about 8 miles from Bath, close to station, church, shops, etc.).—An unusually charming Freehold PROPERTY to be SOLD or LET, Furnished, from end of September, for the Winter or longer. The picturesque partly creeper and rose-covered Bijou Residence (as above) contains: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and offices; first-class stabling for 4, 2 cottages, delightful old grounds, productive garden, glasshouses, paddock; in all nearly 4½ acres. Hunting and boating close by.—Inspected and highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (16,288)

BRENTWOOD and CHELMSFORD (between), near a station 45 minutes from the City.—£1,450 will purchase a very desirable HOUSE, standing high, with pretty views, and containing: 4 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), drawing and dining rooms, study and offices; capital garden of about ½ an acre, tastefully laid out, lawns, etc.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,781)

DORCHESTER.—To be SOLD, price £3,000, a Gentleman's RESIDENCE, within a mile of the town and station, occupying high situation, south aspect, good views, carriage drive approach; 7 bed and dressing rooms, large bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, usual offices. Lawns, shrubbery, productive kitchen garden, glasshouses; gas and water laid on; excellent residential and hunting district.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,773)

£1,600 for a charming old-fashioned, medium-sized COUNTRY HOUSE, 4 miles from Cambridge, ½ mile from a station; pretty grounds, with fine old trees, lawn, kitchen garden, orchard, and small paddock; 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), lounge hall, and offices; stabling for 2 horses; greenhouse and outbuildings; gravel soil.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,752)

MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL AND CHESTER (1 hour by rail from).—For SALE, a choice RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, of about 20 acres, with excellent modern stabling, and a gentleman's RESIDENCE of moderate size, commanding extensive views of a picturesque district; lodge entrance. Good hunting. Price, £8,000.—Apply Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,235)

TO YACHTSMAN.—Magnificently situated on the Hamble, near Southampton, private anchorage for 200-ton yacht. Picturesque RESIDENCE for SALE; perfect order; 14 bed, 2 bathrooms, large reception; unusually well-wooded grounds, lawns, glasshouses, meadows, cottages, private boathouse, stabling, etc.—Recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,316)

£10,000 WILL PURCHASE a very choice RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY situate in a very pretty district in Herts, and close to a station ½ hour from London by fast trains. It extends to about 12 acres of finely-timbered pleasure grounds, gardens, and grass lands, and includes a superior Residence standing high, with fine views, and approached by two long drives with entrance lodges. It contains: a fine suite of reception rooms, billiard room, 17 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and excellent complete offices. Splendid stabling, men's rooms, and 2 cottages. Shooting and golfing in the immediate neighbourhood.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,576)

THE above lovely home in Sussex for SALE, comprising an exceedingly well-built RESIDENCE of medium size, on high ground, commanding beautiful views, with about 130 or more acres. Fishing and hunting. Inspected and recommended.—WALTON and LEE, as above. (19,202)

DOVER AND DEAL (between).—Price £2,500 for a charming old-fashioned Bijou HOUSE, with unusually attractive grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, and stabling for 2 horses; 5 minutes' walk from station; 10 minutes by rail of Dover. Or would be LET Unfurnished. Rent, £120. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,690)

IN THE COTTESMORE COUNTRY, near OAKHAM.—To be LET, for the hunting season, rent 200 guineas, or for less period, an attractive Modern HOUSE, containing: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, and offices; stabling for 6 horses, and grooms' rooms; extra stabling could be had; garden; modern drainage and excellent water supply; gas laid on; magnificently situated for hunting with 4 packs.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,775)

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TO BE SOLD.

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The picturesque Freehold Residence, known as "THE ROWANS," HEXTABLE, containing: 6 bedrooms, fitted bathroom, 3 good reception rooms, capital offices, and well-planted garden, with tennis lawn, &c., in all about 1 acre.

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Also the very compact double-fronted Freehold Residence, "WEST BANK," HEXTABLE, a mile from the station, and containing: 4 bedrooms, fitted bath, 3 reception rooms, usual offices, boot and bicycle houses, poultry run, and productive garden, about ½ acre, well planted with young fruit trees. Gas and water laid on. Possession on completion.

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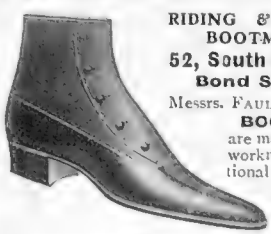

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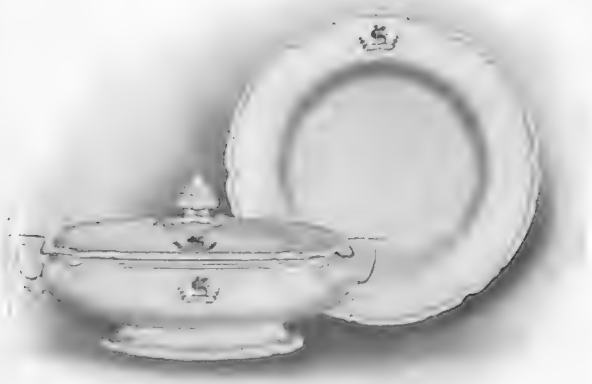

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The Shrine of St. FIN BARRE
GOUGANE BARRA
IRELAND.

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

At the shrine of St. Fin Barre, on Gougane Barra Island, County Cork

St. Fin Barre was an Irish saint, who flourished about the seventh century, and who founded the Sac around which the City of Cork grew up. The ruins, which mark the site of his retreat, are situated [illegible] of the most magnificent [illegible] in Ireland. The shrine is largely visited by pilgrims, and illustrations 1, and 3 and 4 [illegible] of the exterior [illegible]. No. 2 shows the curious praying stick used by the devout to [illegible] the number of prayer [illegible] No. 5 is from a photograph at Gougane Barra Lake and Island taken from the [illegible]. This month witnesses the [illegible] of the anniversary of St. Fin Barre, an event which draws hundreds of pilgrims to Gougane Barra, many of them coming from remote districts of Ireland to pray at the shrine of this famous saint

FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

I cannot talk with civet in the room,
A fine puss gentleman that's all perfume.

So wrote the quaint old sage, Cowper, and one is led to wonder what would have been his sentiments if he could have experienced the *pot pourri* of perfumes that prevails nowadays. "The dinner appears to be excellent and it is well served; the wines should be good; but taste and smell are alike subordinated by the horrible admixture of scents you women affect." So spoke an irritated, latter-day epicure in our presence recently, and reluctantly we gave him sympathy, proceeding to explain that it was the quality rather than the quantity of scent that annoyed.

An Original Design for an Artistic Tea-gown of Ivory Liberty Satin, draped with flame-coloured *crepe*

Perfumes, How and How Not to Use Them

If it could possibly be made a law now that the only permissible perfumes comprised the pure extracts of flowers, how different a matter it would be. No one could possibly object to a refined mingling of violet, lily-of-the-valley, rose, lavender, and the like, but the evil is wrought when, torn by a desire to be extraordinary, insidious concoctions, such as Trefle Incarnat, Hasu-no-Hana, etc., are mingled in the *mêlée*.

Used alone, and with infinite discretion, there is really nothing to be said against even these concoctions, except that they are disposed to be a little intoxicating. Also, where the majority of women make a mistake, is in saturating a handkerchief, an influence that is entirely lost one minute, while the next it literally chokes everyone sufficiently unfortunate to be in its vicinity.

Directly a scent ceases to soothe, it ceases to please; and really nothing is worse than to have the senses rasped by irritant odours.

That is the whole conclusion of the matter. And a good thing too, is Ambrosine's brutally truthful criticism.

A Milliner of Worth

But the fact is, my colleague is anxious to pass on to a matter uppermost in her mind just now, to wit, the autumn millinery at Henry Heath's, 105, Oxford Street. The quiet pursuance of a policy here, that never for a moment errs on the side of laboured extravagance, is a condition impossible for words to express. Everything emanating from Henry Heath's is good: style, materials — quite especially the latter—and workmanship. Their *clientèle* is thus assured, and has scarcely varied in quality of standing since the early part of last century.

It is given to many to make a name, but only a few have the intelligence to maintain one, and the conducting of this business of Heath's has been no

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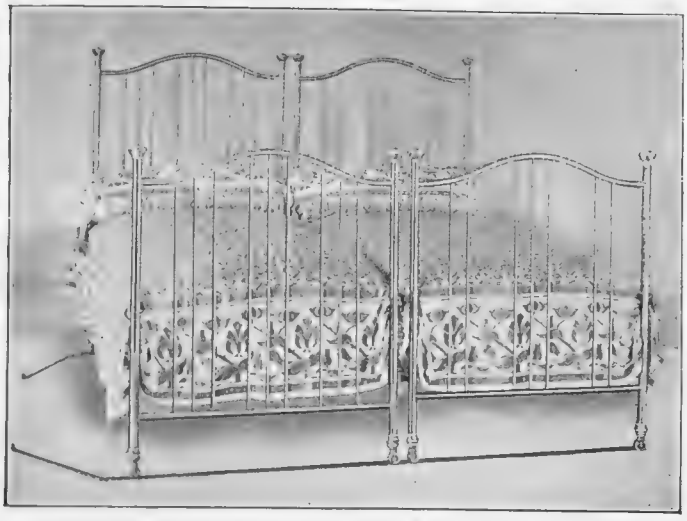

A pair of Brass Twin Bedsteads on Heal & Son's Patent Tramways.

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sinecure during the past decade, which has—happily be it said—exhausted the possibilities of, and our patience with, slap-dash workmanship. Now, it is the very antithesis of anything slap-dash that is met here, where the two picture hats, seen in our illustration, are at present reposing in pleasurable anticipation of being speedily acquired.

The toque is a dream, a glorious dream, be it said, of *ombré* velvet, shading from red through orange, *viâ* brown to cream, and bears a quite novel little quilling about the brim, together with some red roses, and shaded velvet leaves at the left side. This is a perfect feast of artistic harmonies. While the *chapeau* is of that pleasantly moderate picture persuasion that may be worn with equal circumspection for driving or walking, and is an affair entirely apart from the flaunting flops, whose only excuse is a carriage and smart reception.

A soft, fine black felt composes it, the brim deeply bound with black silk, and caught up sharply from the face by artistic draperies of soft satin ribbon, emerging from a bandeau of loops, and meeting in their transit a handsome black ostrich feather, to be eventually held to the crown through a Brobdingnagian buckle of oxidised silver. As the ideal black hat of durable quality this will need to find a formidable rival. We were considerably impressed, too, by the ingenuity evinced here in the concoction of a toque that in appearance meets the approved decree of length from back to front, without being unduly narrow. This is really capital individualism, and declares, with many other things, the fine knowledgable mind that is behind millinery that is worthy of the name.

Autumn Millinery at Henry Heath's

Sport Omnipotent

Among others has the golfing girl commenced her era of triumph. I am not a golfer; the great solemnity of the Royal game has failed altogether to impress me. But Ambrosine is, and, moreover, rather fancies herself at the pursuit. Anyway, she wears admirable clothes during its progress, and is especially taken by some golfing boots, built precisely on the same lines as those worn by men, which, additionally to a smart, trim appearance, possess some mystic power of swing—nothing mechanical, you understand—that is positively the making of a drive. Thus her enthusiastic language, which, reduced to plain moderate English, declares the presence in our midst at last of a thoroughly well thought out golfing boot. Men for many generations have had all these little luxuries, but we women, hurrah! are beginning to have a look in at last.

The moor gown continues quite one of the pressing needs of the moment, and on one and all are the possibilities of leather revealed. Only this week we chanced on a further development of this popular pelt, in a hand-embossed variety; a species of poker work treatment apparently which took on strange but wholly lovely gradations of tone. This in green, on a green mixture shooting suit, is the most distinctive thing imaginable. It is a detail of the *genré* that could not fail to catch the discerning eye eager after change and novelty, and yet it is in no wise unduly assertive and out of sympathy with the severity of the athletic suit.

And just one more sporting novelty, my pen verily craves to chronicle, is a motoring shirt of tweed, with a shield-shaped front of leather and leather-trimmed cuffs. This is such a thoroughly reasonable sportsmanlike affair, my heart went out to it at once; nor did I fail to commend the small feminine touch in the shape of a silk cravat, supporting a tiny turn-over collar of embroidered crash. The hard linen collar, by-the-way, is positively wicked wear for motoring, being hard, uncompromising, and hideously uncomfortable beneath the multitudinous folds of veils and storm collars. Failing any more fitting habiliment, a soft, white cashmere hunting stock is quite delightful.

The Teagown Par Excellence

Subsequent to all sporting days comes the need of the restful teagown for evening wear. No subject is more fraught with the deepest interest to us, and we have been interviewing some superlative lovelinesses, in shaded chiffon, wonderful filminesses, very thistledowns; indeed, they looked as though the slightest zephyr would blow them into vanishing space. Happily, however, the modern wearers destined to support these frail fantasies, are likely to prove safe anchorage, and weight to earth these heavenly delights.

Meanwhile there is a model of more mundane properties depicted here, but one of all sufficing daintiness, effected in ivory Liberty satin, the edges worked everywhere with a small Greek design in gold, and the fronts opening upon an under-dress of finely-sprigged net, with draperies of flame-coloured *crêpe*.

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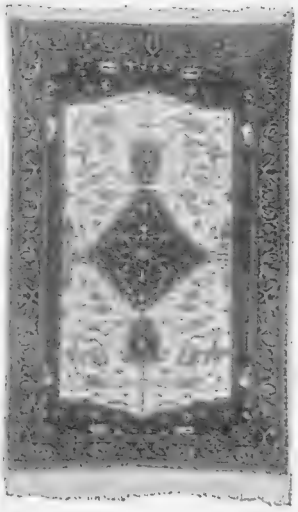

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SCORE OF THE HAND:

A B, 0; Y Z, 24.

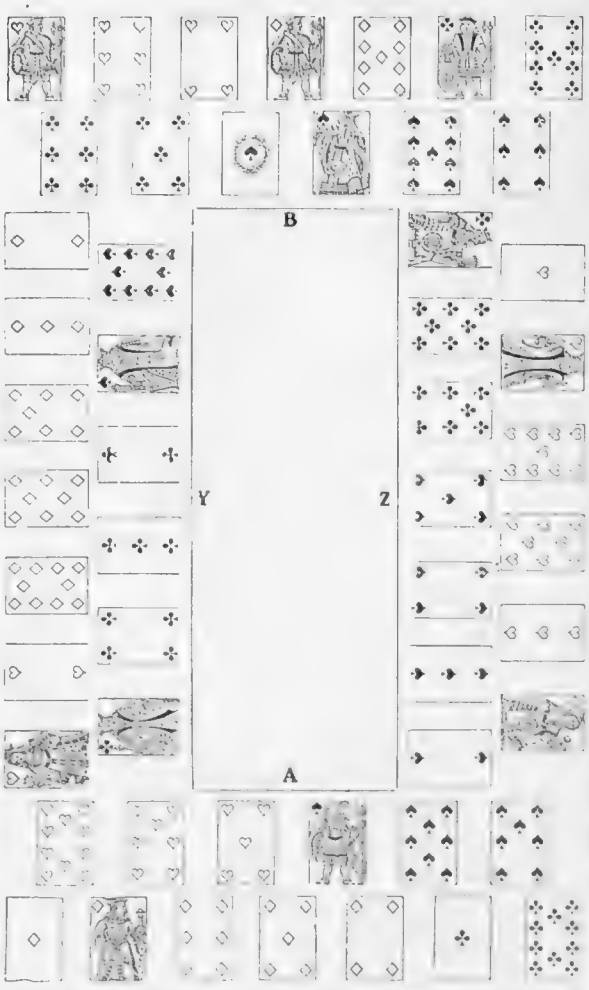
A deals, and declares no-trumps.

A correspondent asks me what is the declaration on the following hand:

Hearts—9, 8, 7, 5, 3
Diamonds—A
Clubs—A, 8, 6, 4
Spades—A, 9, 6

I should declare no-trumps, but in fear and trembling.

PROBLEMATICUS.



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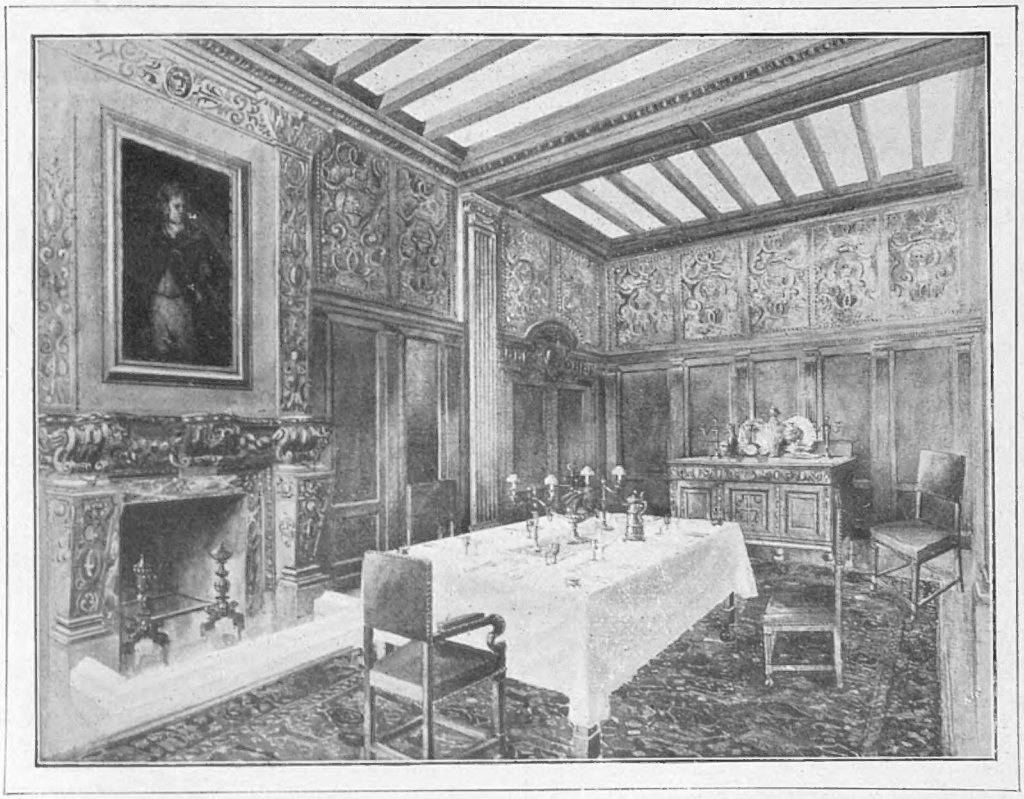

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SEE PAGE XIV., AND THEN CUT OUT THIS COUPON

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RULES.

1. No competitor to send in more than six photographs, which must be mounted.
2. In every case a stamped addressed wrapper must be enclosed for the return of the photographs.
3. Acknowledgment will be made in THE GRAPHIC week by week of all photographs received.
4. Photographs will be received any time up to November 1, 1904.
5. The name and address of the sender and the title of the subject should be legibly written on the back of each photograph.
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7. Every endeavour will be made to return unused photographs, but the Manager will not hold himself responsible for loss or damage.
8. All communications to be addressed to the Manager of THE GRAPHIC Amateur Photographic Competition, THE GRAPHIC, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C.

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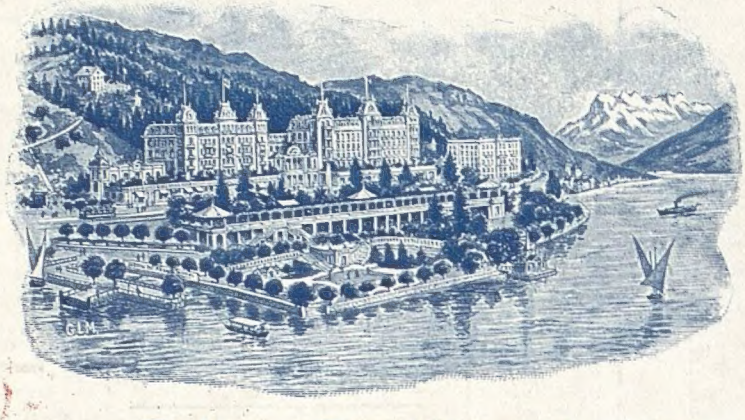

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